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LIEUTENANT WORDEN, U.S.N.

We are delighted to be able to present our readers on this page with a portrait of Lieutenant Worden, U.S.N., the hero of the great Naval Battle at Hampton Roads.

Lieutenant John Lorimer Worden is a native and citizen of New York, from which State he was appointed to the Navy. His original entry as a midshipman into the service bears date from the 10th of January, 1834, and he obtained his present commission on the 30th of November, 1846. His sea service under his present commission to the end of 1860 had been eight years and nine months, his total sea service being to that date nearly seventeen years. His shore or other duty amounted at that time to nearly seven years, and he was over three years unemployed. His total length of service up to the present time exceeds twenty-eight years. He was last at sea in November, 1860, on board the sloop *Savannah*, twenty-two guns, on the blockading squadron, and was granted a short leave of absence on his return; after which he was sent as a special messenger to Fort Pickens, with dispatches to Captain Adams, of the *Sabine*, commanding the fleet off Pensacola, with notice that the fort would be reinforced by two companies of artillery, and instructions to Captain Adams and Colonel Brown as to their conduct in case of an attack by rebels upon the fleet and fort. He went by the land route, and on the way he destroyed his dispatches. As he anticipated, he was arrested at Montgomery, and as no papers were found on his person he was allowed to pass. On his arrival at Pensacola he obtained a pass from the rebel General Bragg, permitting him to carry a verbal message from Secretary Cameron to Captain Adams. He went to him and repeated from memory his dispatches. The fort was reinforced, and as he was returning he was arrested by the rebel General Bragg, under the false pretense of having broken his parole; but the main object was to obtain his dispatches to the Government, if he should have had any in his possession. He was sent to Montgomery, where he was kept for some time as a prisoner of war. There was an intense excitement against him, as the rebel General Bragg had collected a force of 1000 men and intended to attack Fort Pickens the very night it was reinforced. Lieutenant Worden was kept in confinement until the middle of November last, when he was exchanged and went to Fortress Monroe, where he joined the *Minnesota*. He was afterward detached from that vessel and appointed to the command of the *Monitor*.

LIEUTENANT WORDEN, U.S.N., COMMANDING THE "MONITOR."

His gallant performance at the battle at Hampton Roads is recorded in another part of this paper. Under Providence he saved our navy. The correspondent of the Associated Press well says:

"The *Monitor* was handled with unsurpassed skill, decision, and coolness, for which all praise should be given her officers. She has come up to the expectations that were formed of her, and has proved herself impregnable to the heaviest shot at close quarters.

"Lieutenant Worden, who handled the *Monitor* so skillfully, is in Washington, in the hands of a surgeon. He was in the pilot-house of the *Monitor* when the *Merrimac* directed a whole broadside at it, and received his injuries from the minute fragments of powder which were driven through the look-out holes. Lieutenant Worden was stunned by the concussion, and was carried away. On recovering he asked, 'Have I saved the *Minnesota?*' The reply was, 'Yes, and whipped the *Merrimac.*' To which he answered, 'Then I don't care what becomes of me.'

"The injuries of Lieutenant Worden are not supposed to be dangerous."

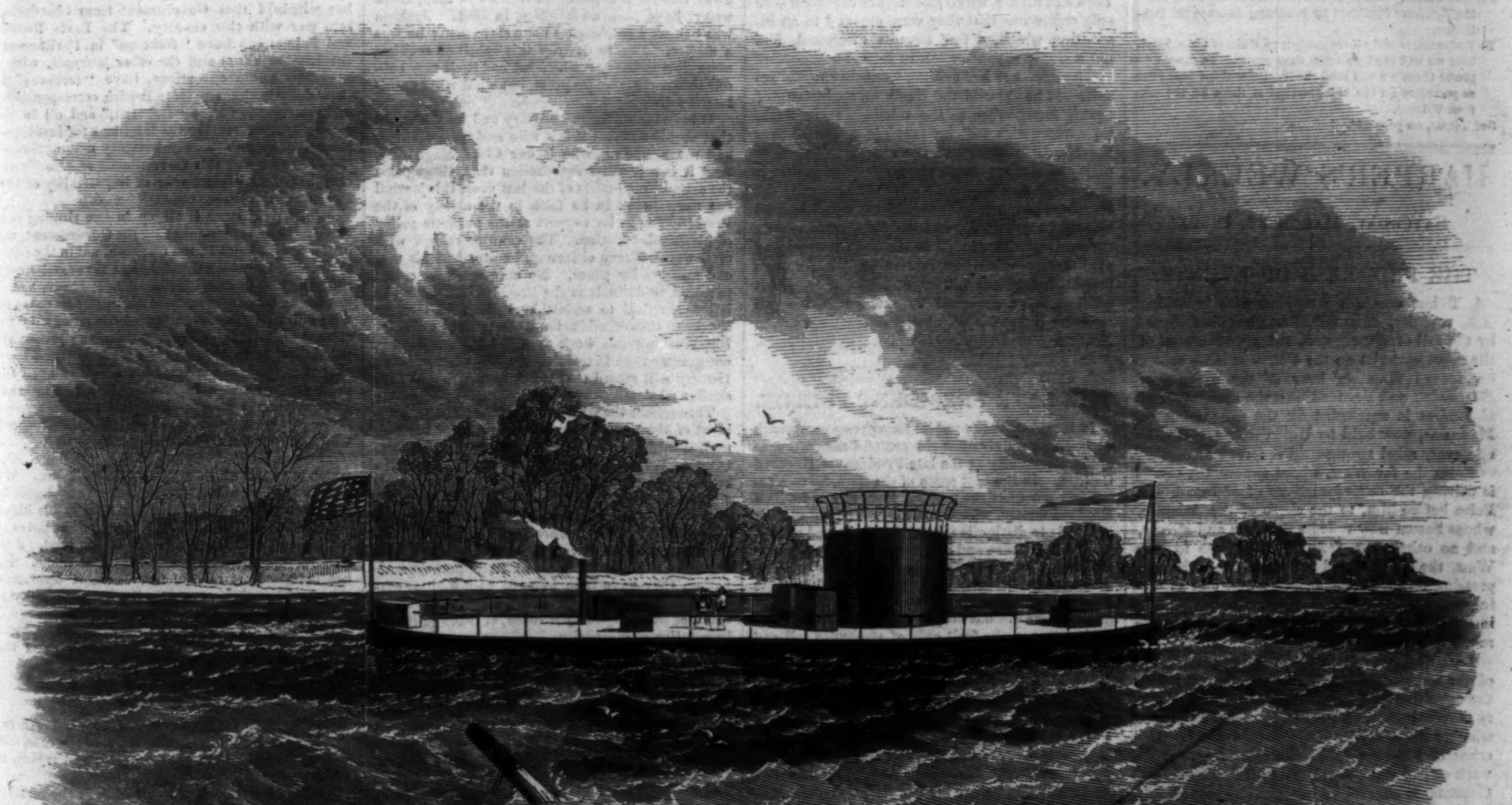
The rebels are, of course, jubilant over the affair. The dispatch says:

The *Merrimac*, or, as it is called by them, the *Virginia*, had received damage, but nothing that was serious.

They admit the loss of four killed and several wounded on board. Captain Buchanan, who commanded her, was seriously wounded on Saturday, and the command devolved upon his First Lieutenant. The officers say little or nothing about the Sunday's fight.

The commander of the *Cumberland* is spoken of as fighting his ship with a gallantry worthy a better cause. The total rebel loss is said to be nine killed and twelve wounded. Twenty-three prisoners arrived at Norfolk on Saturday night from the *Congress;* one died on the passage.

The *Monitor* is said to have been seriously injured by the *Virginia*.



THE ERICSSON STEEL-CLAD BATTERY "MONITOR."—[See Page 183.]

LANDER.

When a hero goes
Unto his last repose,
When earth's trump of fame shall waken him no more;
When in the heavenly land
Another soul doth stand
Who perished for a nation ere he reached the shore;
Whose eyes should sorrow dim?
Say, who should mourn for him?

Mourn for the traitor—mourn
When honor is forsworn,
When the base wretch who sells his land for gold
Stands up unblushingly
And boasts his perfidy,
Then, then, O patriots! let your grief be told!
But when God's soldier yieldeth up his breath,
Oh, mourn ye not for him! It is not death!

Where is the flag he bore?
Where is the sword he wore?
Lay one upon his breast, the other spread
Around his wasted form,
That perished in the storm,
And name him reverently whom ye call dead.
Name him not silently—
Shout all, exultingly!

"Lander! Lander! awake!
Thy heavenly armor take,
And gird upon thy thigh again thy sword!
Beside the great white throne,
Where sits the Blessed One,
Stand thou forth in the army of the Lord!
Soldier of Christ, arise!
And join Him in the skies!"

ADVERTISEMENT.

☞ The Publishers of *Harper's Weekly* congratulate their readers upon the appearance in last Number of the first part of a new serial tale entitled "No Name," by Wilkie Collins, Esq., author of "The Woman in White." Its opening gives promise of the same wonderful power and matchless dramatic skill which entranced the readers of "The Woman in White." It is seldom that a periodical is enabled to furnish its subscribers with such a series of attractive tales as have appeared consecutively for the past two years in *Harper's Weekly*, from the pens of Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Bulwer. The commencement of this Tale affords a good opportunity for parties residing in the country to form clubs, and obtain *Harper's Weekly* at the reduced price of subscription.

The crisis which the war has reached imparts fresh interest to the war-pictures which are appearing in every number of *Harper's Weekly*. We have now regular Artist Correspondents, to wit:

Mr. A. R. Waud, with the army of the Potomac;
Mr. Alexander Simplot, with Gen. Grant's army;
Mr. Henry Mosler, with Gen. Buell's army;
Mr. Theo. R. Davis, with Gen. Sherman's army;
Mr. Angelo Wiser, with Gen. Burnside's army;

besides a large number of occasional and volunteer correspondents in the Army and Navy at various points. These gentlemen will furnish us faithful sketches of every battle which takes place, and every other event of interest, which will be reproduced in our pages in the best style. People who do not see *Harper's Weekly* will have but a limited comprehension of the momentous events which are occurring.

The circulation of *Harper's Weekly* being now over 120,000 copies each week, it is the best advertising medium in the country.

In reply to numerous inquiries we would say, that, as *Harper's Weekly* is electrotyped, we can at any time supply the Numbers for the past year, or from the commencement of the paper (January 3, 1857), if desired.

Persons wishing to complete their files can have the missing Numbers furnished by remitting direct to the Publishers.

To Postmasters and others getting up clubs of ten subscribers we will send an extra copy gratis. To those who prefer them we will send the Numbers of the past year as premium for the club, instead of those for the current Volume.

See Terms, on page 191.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 22, 1862.

THE PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

At last events are moving with breathless rapidity. The fall of Leesburg is followed by the fall of Winchester, the abandonment of the rebel batteries on the Potomac is no sooner announced than we hear of the capture of Brunswick and Fernandina; the evacuation of Columbus is succeeded by the evacuation of Manassas, now held by Union troops. One by one every rebel strong-hold is forced or turned.

From the far West, where our gallant Curtis is driving the tatterdemalions of M'Intosh and Price before him, to the shore of the Atlantic, whose bosom now reflects the stars and stripes, and no other flag, from North Edisto to Key West, the soldiers and sailors of the Union are pressing onward with steady tread, and crushing rebellion as they go. There is not a point in the line of three thousand miles at which the rebels can make a stand.

Last week we announced the commencement of the work of reconstruction in Tennessee by the appointment of Andrew Johnson as Military Governor. As we write, men are discussing whether John Minor Botts should not be Governor of Virginia under the President. In a week or two Governor Harris of Tennessee and Governor Letcher of Virginia will be as thoroughly wiped out as Governor Claib. Jackson of Missouri and the rebel Governor of Kentucky, whose name we have forgotten. Before the anniversary of the bombardment of Fort Sumter we may hear of "reconstruction" in Louisiana, Arkansas, and North Carolina. And what is done is done well. M'Clellan's motto is—No Step Backward!

The night was very dark and very gloomy; but the dawn is bright indeed, and surpassingly glorious.

ABOLITION IN HIGH PLACES.

The President last week sent in to Congress a Message recommending the passage of the following or a similar resolution:

Resolved, That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used by such State in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system.

This Message has been applauded with equal fervor by the opponents and by the supporters of slavery. It is equally approved by the *Herald* and by the *Tribune*, by the *Evening Post* and by the *Journal of Commerce*.

The old friends of slavery commend it because it recognizes the right of the Southern slave-owners to their slave property, and the exclusive right of the slave States to regulate or abolish the institution within their limits.

The friends of freedom rejoice at it because it places the United States Government squarely on the record as preferring freedom to slavery, in the abstract, and as looking forward, in some future time, and in some yet undetermined way, to the abolition of slavery, and the emancipation of the negro race.

In fact, the difference between the two great parties in the North has been narrowed down by the Message to an almost imperceptible line. So far as can be judged by the public press, there is no party in the North which sets its face positively against the abolition of slavery, at some future time, and under some possible conditions; and, on the other hand, there is no evidence to show that any substantial body of men in any section of the North is opposed to the recognition of slavery as an existing and lawful institution at the South, for the purpose of compassing its abolition. We are all brought by this common-sense Message upon the same platform. The cannon-shot against Fort Sumter effaced three-fourths of our political lines: the President's Message has wiped out the remaining fourth.

It is very instructive to read articles in the *Herald* recommending the Border States to abolish slavery, and articles in the *Journal of Commerce* commending the abstract righteousness of emancipation, and admitting that the writers only differ with Garrison and Wendell Phillips in respect of way, time, and detail. Such indications are cheering proofs that even in our time the world moves. Lord Cockburn, in his charming Memorials, tells us that in his youth a man who professed Whig principles was a pariah in that Edinburgh society which now regards with contemptuous curiosity the few remaining adherents of principles not Whig. The Cockburn of our country and our time will record, for the admiration of posterity, that he has seen infuriated New York mobs, encouraged by New York merchants, assail and silence orators whose only crime was that they were opposed to an institution which, a few months afterward, had not a single supporter left in New York.

The Message has achieved another useful result. It has placed the North on a platform of square antagonism to the rebels. Henceforth, no compromise will be possible which obliges the North to recognize the abstract justice or policy of slavery, or to forego the desire that it may some day be abolished. Henceforth, the Northern people may be considered a unit against slavery in principle, and only differing among themselves with regard to the time and way of abolition. When we remember Mr. Adams's proposition of last winter, and how narrowly it escaped being accepted by the rebels, we can measure the stride which the civilization of the North has made during the past twelve months.

THE LATE PRESIDENT FELTON.

It is seldom that a public man passes away with such strong claims upon the grateful remembrance of the community as the late President of Harvard College. In the best sense of the term, he was peculiarly a man of the people. Born of a quiet New England family, whose modest industry was their only title to distinction, he was early inured to habits of self-reliance and active effort. He was never dandled on the lap of luxury into the pride of exclusive privileges. His native love of learning prompted him to seek a liberal education; but the golden prize did not drop into his hands spontaneously; it was the fruit only of strenuous toil and self-denial on his part. From the first he was obliged to contribute to his own support while pursuing the usual studies of his class. But in spite of every drawback he attained a high position as a scholar, which he never lost. Not content with the prescribed range of college study, he was ambitious of higher attainments, and marked out a path for himself which few could follow. While yet an undergraduate he became familiar with the principles of physical science, and commenced the study of many languages, in which he subsequently became a master. From the day of leaving college his course was onward and upward. He devoted himself to the drudgery of teaching, if it must so be called, with a peculiar zest; his success in appealing to the best faculties of the young was strongly marked; while the original productions of his pen evinced at once the brilliancy of his intellect and the soundness of his cultivation. At the age of twenty-two he was appointed tutor in Harvard College; in three years more he became Professor of Greek; and before he was twenty-seven years old he succeeded to the important chair of Greek literature, which had been made famous by the splendid erudition of Mr. Edward Everett, and the classical enthusiasm of Professor Popkin, whose towering figure seemed irradiated by the spirit of Homer and Sophocles. Following such eminent examples, Professor Felton gave a powerful impulse to the study of Greek letters, and became himself certainly one of the best, if not the very best scholar in that department of whom the country can boast. But he never yielded to the indulgences of a recluse student. He had nothing of the arrogance or the exclusiveness of literature. His interest in public affairs was constant and vivid. He was not, indeed, an active politician, but no man watched more closely the course of our statesmen, or was more ardent in the support of the principles which he deemed essential to the national welfare. Without being a partisan, he was the strenuous advocate of a conservative policy, and conscientiously avoided the extremes to which he might have been tempted by private friendship or personal relations with their champions. The cause of general education commanded his warmest sympathies. He never made his position an excuse for declining an active part in popular instruction. As an earnest friend of common schools, as a public lecturer, and a literary counselor, he exerted a wide influence, and invariably challenged the confidence of the community by his wisdom and zeal. He possessed an uncommonly genial temperament; entirely unknown to him were the formality and reserve of the scholar. He had the keenest sense of the ludicrous aspects of social life; and his presence was often indicated by his hearty ringing laugh before you fairly recognized the sunshine of his benignant face. On the resignation of Dr. Walker as President of Harvard College in 1860, Professor Felton was universally looked to as his fittest successor; and his career, after his accession to that high office, amply rewarded the hopes that were formed, but which are now forever quenched by his lamented departure in the glorious ripeness of his manhood and the fullness of his fame.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

A year ago there were a great many men who said, and a great many more who felt, "Oh for an Andrew Jackson!" It was thought that he would have laid a heavy hand upon the rebellion, and have ended it by a vigorous blow. That thought was the natural result of impatience and ignorance. Alexander the Great, Hannibal, and Napoleon, all combined in one great military genius, could not have done the work which it was supposed Jackson would have done. The world could be easily moved at any time if you could only get a place to stand upon.

Besides, while all praise that is his due will be gladly granted to Andrew Jackson, it is a great mistake to suppose that he suppressed a rebellion. He compromised with it—he did not conquer it. He suppressed the symptom, but encouraged the disease. If Jackson had finally and absolutely shot away treason and punished traitors in 1833, there would have been no rebellion in 1861. Jackson was neither a philosopher nor a statesman; he was a soldier. But to destroy this rebellion requires more than military skill. Shot and shell may subdue the form of the symptom, but what will annihilate the disease?

It is fortunate for the country and for the world that at this moment it is a wise and calm civilian, and not a soldier, who is our Chief Magistrate. And it is a peculiar satisfaction that, throughout the astonishing events of the last year, this journal has not faltered in its faith in the ability of the President, or in its support of the patriotic policy of his Administration. The country rocked with civil war. Every citizen and editor had his special nostrum for peace. No man was ever called to a task so difficult as the President's. When he left Springfield to undertake it, he said that no President since Washington had a work so weighty. But Washington's work as Chief Magistrate was not greater than Lincoln's. And thus far, at least, History will record that it has been wrought with similar wisdom.

Throughout the wild uproar of the year the President of the United States has held upon his way undisturbed. Openly slandered by his political enemies before the inauguration, he has been stealthily slandered by many of his political friends since. Because he and the Secretary of State, although known to be friendly to a peaceful annihilation of the political supremacy of the slaveholding interest in the Government, did not upon their accession to power advocate an immediate emancipation, they have been pursued with a bitter suspicion of moral cowardice, or pricked with the sharp taunt of treachery to their cause, or insulted by the imputation of incapacity.

Meanwhile the policy of the President slowly vindicates itself. The end and the method proposed by him were clearly stated in two sentences of his December Message. First, "The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed;" and, second, the sentence that immediately follows it: "We should not be in haste to determine that radical and extreme measures, which may reach the loyal as well as the disloyal, are indispensable." To these he now adds a third in his Message of March 6: "A practical reacknowledgment of the National authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue, and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend, and all the ruin that may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency toward ending the struggle, must and will come."

These words are in perfect harmony with every serious word of Mr. Lincoln's political life. His convictions, evidently, are as profound as ever. Certainly no man who said, as he did, on the 17th June, 1858, "I believe this Government can not endure permanently half slave and half free," has found any reason in the events of the last four years to change his opinion. But Mr. Lincoln and his friends have never desired that the disease should be removed by the sword. He and they do not desire it now. But he and they and all good patriots are resolved that the disease shall not conquer. If the sword must end slavery, it will end it. And it is for the rebellion to decide.

JOHN BRIGHT *VERSUS* JOHN BULL.

It is not surprising that the name of John Bright, whenever it was mentioned at the great meeting at the Cooper Institute on Washington's birthday, was hailed with a tumult of applause. Throughout our difficulties of the last year John Bright has been one of the few men in England who truly saw and frankly stated the scope of this rebellion. When Great Britain flamed into rage at the *Trent* affair, John Bright laid his finger upon the arm of John Bull, and begged that testy and foolish old person not to make himself ridiculous by losing his temper in advance of the occasion, but to wait and hear whether an insult was intended, or whether it was an accident. An accident it proved to be, and the reparation was made which mutual honor demanded; and it is surprising that when Mr. Bright called the affair an accident, and was oh, oh'd from the benches of the Government party in Parliament, he had not covered Lord Palmerston with confusion by stating the notorious fact that at the very time when, as Palmerston had just said, the British Government had every reason to fear war with America, that Government knew officially that war would not spring out of the difficulty.

John Bright is the present representative of that strong common sense and intelligence which has always saved John Bull against the encroachment of privilege. He stands as the Barons stood against King John. It is his spirit, and the nerve, and eloquence, and sagacity of men like him, that perpetually wrests Magna Charta from the itching fingers of despotic power. A representative of the great middle class, the industrial interest of the kingdom, he stands for the peaceful development of popular liberty under law, on the one hand against the aristocracy and on the other against the mob which is at once the consequence and the tool of an aristocracy. In a country so Hindoo-bound with caste as England, of course such a man stands much alone, for even those who theoretically and politically sympathize with him, may be otherwise alienated by inexorable social prejudice.

During this war of ours his have been the only speeches in England which show a truly comprehensive and sagacious statesmanship. Lord John's, or the Earl Russell's, speeches have been quibbles and subterfuges. Lord Palmerston's have been the bland plausibilities which he always palms off upon the British public as practical common-sense views. Politically, the Earl Russell figures as the artful Dodger, and the spruce, complaisant Palmerston as Charley Bates. Unquestionably the conviction which John Bright so amply and pointedly expresses in his speeches, whether acknowledged by the Government or not, is the conviction which has withheld that Government from blundering into war with this country. The Earls Russell and Palmerston have "forborne" in Parliament: the London *Times* and the other journals, with a very few noble exceptions, have "forborne" in their daily leaders: private British correspondence and conversation have "forborne," and all in the same way, by torturing the language for insult and invective, by an absurdly haughty assumption of the destruction of this Government as already accomplished, and by an affected impartiality of belligerent concessions.

John Bright sums it all up in one ringing sentence: "The course taken by the Government, not in the demand, not in the dispatch, not in the courteous way in which Lord Lyons managed every thing he had to do with regard to it [hear, hear], but in the instantaneous and alarming menaces of war, followed and accompanied every day by incessant and offensive charges from the press supposed directly to represent the Government—I say that that tends to leave on the minds of even the most moderate men in America the feeling that England in the hour of her trial has not treated them in the magnanimous and friendly manner which they had a right to expect from us."

There is a moral in the position of John Bright which we shall all do well to take to heart. We respect and love him to-day more than any Englishman, and yet we feel that every drop of his blood and particle of his flesh is British. But he dares to expose and criticise the faults of England. Justice, he knows, like charity begins at home. He has not the least respect for venerable error, and crime, although hoary with dignity and respectable with law, is simply criminal in his eyes.

How such a member of the Imperial Parliament would astonish some Republican Senators of the United States!

CONSERVATISM.

The text is Conservatism, of which, brethren, there are two kinds. Let us suppose the case.

A rattlesnake is in your nursery, and trying to dart at your children.

Conservatism number one rushes at the reptile; seizes it; if it has lost a fang, puts it back in its place; if it has dropped any venom, restores it for future emergencies; then shuts the rattlesnake into the closet, saying, "Go, and sting no more."

Conservatism number two rushes at the snake, grinds its head beneath its iron heel, and flings it dead from the window.

Here are two kinds of conservatism. Number one conserves rattlesnakes; number two conserves

the human race. It is easy, and apparently generous, to say, "Go, and sting no more." But, unluckily, it is the nature of rattlesnakes to sting. Yet a rattlesnake, you think, has a right to the life nature gave it. Yes; but so have your children. And when snakes and children are in the same nursery, you must decide promptly which has the better right.

If a man should say, "Don't hurt that rattlesnake; your business is simply to prevent his stinging your child," would you call that man a knave or a fool? Would you think he had much regard for the life of your child? Having flung the dead snake from the window, wouldn't you feel very much like throwing that man after it? And wouldn't you always afterward believe that, if rattlesnakes could become men, they would become just such men as he?

—Or you, dear Madame, discovering mould upon your apple-pies, what would you do if you were, like your respected husband, conservative in all your views and acts? Would you put your pastry into a damp corner, or would you scrape the mould off?

There is a conservatism which preserves and propagates mould, and another conservatism which scrapes it away—just as the one reasons with rattlesnakes and the other punches their heads. Monseigneur, of the old French *régime*, was a conservative of the first class; George Washington of the second.

—An illustration is not an argument, you think? Yes; but some things need no argument, but only an illustration.

A NEW REIGN OF TERROR.

THE article in the Richmond *Examiner* of March 3, which has been generally copied into our papers, can not be read without the same emotion which is excited by the history of the French Revolution in 1793–'94. The rebellion is becoming a domestic reign of terror. Nor can any man be surprised at the result. The inexorable logic of facts explains it. In a society which has assumed that to question the most atrocious injustice is so dangerous to social existence that the questioner may be properly lynched, what can be expected when it feels itself in danger from any cause? A man who carries concealed weapons will draw them upon every occasion of danger, real or fancied. A society which is founded upon injustice is necessarily barbarous.

Southern society is composed of the aristocracy who own the laborers, and the great middle class, more ignorant than any corresponding class in the world at the present day. Wealth and distinction are in the hands of the aristocracy. The middle class are poor and wretched; but they feel their wretchedness compensated by the fact that there is a servile race beneath them, and that by virtue of color they are the peers of the aristocracy. Hence, although not rich enough to own slaves, they support slavery, and they are the ready tools of the slave lords. Passionate, ignorant, prejudiced, ferocious—bred in a society where the unbridled will of rich proprietors is practically the sole law of a subject race—here are the elements of the most remorseless mob.

And to the reign of this mob the article in the *Examiner*, and similar articles in papers of the Southwest plainly point. No honorable and loyal citizen of the United States but must shudder as he contemplates the present position of men who have been faithful to their country, but who are at last exposed to the pitiless crowd which has been made sullen by the defeat of its armies, and has been inflamed by the appeals of leaders anxious to divert to the heads of the innocent the punishment of their own crimes. The editors of the Richmond *Examiner* would rather see John M. Botts hung to a lamppost than their own office gutted and themselves swung from its windows.

The reign of terror that has long existed in the rebellious section now openly appears. As in the blackest hour of the mob despotism in Paris, men are in danger of losing their lives upon suspicion of being suspected. "Now that the Government," says the *Examiner*, "appears really in earnest in the suppression of treason, it becomes every citizen who knows a man or set of men inimical to our country and cause to point them out."

This is the very tone of the French terrorism. "The more the social body perspires," said Collot d'Herbois, "the healthier it becomes."

Here again is the Richmond *Examiner*: "The universal Yankee sympathizers dangling from as many lamp-posts would have a most wholesome and salutary effect.

It is but the echo of the French terrorist Barrère: "There are none but the dead who do not return."

Our faithful fellow-citizens now in the power of the rebels, in whom desperation breeds ferocity, are exposed to these frightful perils. Their situation is but another stern appeal for the exercise of every power that can most speedily end the rebellion and secure actual peace. Already the bad bold men of the South are drifting into the terrible necessities of their stupendous crimes against human society. And how accurately does the French historian Mignet, describing the terrorists of '93 and '94, describe the chiefs of the rebels of to-day in Richmond and the Southwest:

"Sprung from contention, they wish to support themselves by it. With one hand they fight to defend their domination, with the other they lay the foundation of their system. They kill in the name of their principles. Virtue, humanity, the welfare of the people, all that is most sacred upon earth, they employ to sanction their executions, to protect their dictatorship, until they are worn out and fall."

"SOLID MEN OF BOSTON."

MR. SENATOR DAVIS, of Kentucky, presented a petition from citizens of Boston, the other day, asking Congress to drop discussing the negro, and to take order for suppressing the rebellion.

These worthy citizens of Boston, who must have at least three relatives in Gotham, ought to send a petition to Commodore Foote to drop considering how many guns and gun-boats he must have for Memphis, and to take measures to defeat the enemy. They ought long ago to have sent word to General M'Clellan to stop bothering with fortifications at Washington, and attend to subduing the conspiracy. They ought to have telegraphed to Grant at Fort Donelson and Burnside at Roanoke not to be firing guns and charging bayonets, but to hurry up victory.

Those Generals would smile and hold their tongues—as they have done before. But some young aid might whisper to these citizens of credit and renown in famous Boston town that, in calculating forces, and building fortifications, and killing rebels with mortars and rifled guns, these Generals were doing the very thing required. They were forcing the enemy, by the relentless eloquence of injury to person and property and social peace, to submit.

Doubtless Congress will make no reply to these worthy citizens of Boston. But if they listen they will hear that Congress is doing what the Generals are—considering how to force the enemy to submit, and how to destroy the tap-root of treason.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

I ONCE HAD A TAILOR.

(SONG OF A WALL-FLOWER.)

AIR—"*My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.*"

I ONCE had a Tailor; 'tis some time ago:
  More years than I care to confess.
But then I delighted in personal show,
  And paid some attention to dress.

My dress suit has lasted from that time to this;
  For service it only hath seen
On occasions like visits of envoys from Bliss,
  Not many, and distant between.

Its nap is as yet but a little effaced,
  And that you want daylight to see;
But the coat of my youth is too small in the waist,
  So the trowsers and vest are, for me.

Costumes oft have changed since this old one was new;
  But its style may revive in our day:
So I yet may appear in the fashion like you,
  Once again, ere I cast it away.

Which is the most deceitful part of a lady's walking-costume?—The false hood on her cloak.

MATHEMATICAL.—If a house has three stories, how many tales has it?

BODY-SNATCHER'S MOTTO.—*De mortuis nil nisi* bone'em.

THE CLAIMS OF KINDRED.—The greatest rarities in the world are kind relatives. Truly kind relatives will never oppose your inclinations, but, on the contrary, encourage you to follow them, and will take all unpleasant consequences of your doing so on themselves. They will lend you money to speculate with, and as often as you fail they will allow you to fall back upon them, and lend you more, and so on until they have no more to lend, and then they will lend you their names and their credit, and apologize to you for having done so little for you.—NEERDOWEEL *On Goodness.*

PROVERBS *A LA* DUNDREARY,

And dedicated, with every respect for that nobleman's stupendous stupidity, to Mr. Sothern, T. R. H.

There are as many early birds as were ever caught in the sea.

Too many broths spoil the child.

Cut your mutton according to your dinner-cloth.

When Love flies out of the window, it's useless shutting the stable door.

Nine tailors make a man look alive, I believe you.

Spare the rod, and you'll have no fish for dinner.

When things won't mend, it's best to wash your dirty linen at home.

Fine feathers butter no parsnips.

Adversity makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, but it's absurd kicking against them.

There's a silver lining to every cloud—no, no (*stuttering, hesitating, correcting himself, and attempting all the while to sneeze*), it isn't that—it's a coat—of course it is?—there's a silver lining to every coat, to be sure—that's it! How foolish to suppose it was a cloud! Who ever saw a cloud with a silver lining? Ha! ha! By Jove, it might as well have gold facings, a velvet collar, and a star on its breast.

One man may steal a hedge, while another mustn't even as much as look a gift-horse in the mouth!

Which is the most enduring trade?—A cobbler's, because it is ever-lasting, and the sole is at the bottom of it all.

Why is weeping in solitude like the Confederate ship *Sumter*?—Because it's a private tear.

When do trees resemble besieged garrisons?—When they are releaved.

JUDICIOUS AND TENDER REPROOF.

INGENIOUS CHILD (*crying*). "Oh! papa, I've hurt my 'ead."

CLEVER PAPA. "I see you have, my dear; you've knocked an *h* off it."

The greatest *feat* of the day—*Foote*-ing it up the Cumberland.

A young lady who has the misfortune to know little of music, and yet who is vain of her singing, was recently entertaining a party of friends with a somewhat difficult song, in a shrill voice, when an old bachelor lodging in the same house rushed out of his room to the head of the stairs, and shouted, "What are you hurting that pig for? Turn him into the yard!"

The battle of *Bull* Run (LL.D. Russell) showed many *Man*-asses.

"What ails your eye, Joe?" "I told a man he lied," replied Joe.

Breakers on the Southern sea-coast: Columbiads, Dahlgrens, and Paixhans.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ FOR an account of the Battle in Hampton Roads, see page 183.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, March 4, in the Senate, a memorial from merchants and others, of New York, doing business on the Pacific coast, asking Congress to provide immediately for the transportation of the mails between New York and San Francisco, *via* Aspinwall and Panama, was presented and referred. The bill providing for the safe keeping and maintenance of United States prisoners was passed. The bill authorizing the President to appoint a Commissioner to confer with British and French Commissioners, to take measures for the preservation of the Atlantic fisheries, was passed. A bill providing for the codification and revision of the laws of the District of Columbia was reported. The Confiscation bill was taken up, and Senator M'Dougall, of California, concluded his speech in opposition to it. Senator Cowan, of Pennsylvania, also spoke against the bill. The Conference Committee on the bill relative to paying certain Western railroads for transporting troops made a report, which was agreed to. The Senate then went into executive session, and afterward adjourned.——In the House, the Pennsylvania contested election case was taken up, and Mr. Verree, the sitting member, declared entitled to his seat. The Senate's amendments to the bill providing additional clerks to the New York Assistant Treasurer's office, and for the appointment of a Deputy Assistant Treasurer, were agreed to.

On Wednesday, March 5, in the Senate, petitions in favor of a general bankrupt law, and asking for the transmission of the California mails *via* Panama, were presented and referred. A bill granting pay, pensions, and bounty to the Kentucky Home Guard was introduced by Senator Davis. Senator Morrill, of Maine, then made a speech in favor of the Confiscation bill, and the further consideration of the subject was postponed. A joint resolution authorizing equitable settlements with contractors who have failed to construct machinery by the day stipulated in their contracts, was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill for the codification and revision of the laws of the District of Columbia was passed. The bill defining the pay and emoluments of certain army officers was taken up, and several unimportant amendments adopted. The pay of all chaplains was fixed at $1200 per annum, and the bill then laid aside. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill increasing the number of cadets at the West Point Academy was introduced. A bill appropriating $60,353 to carry out the treaty for the abolition of the Stadt dues was passed. A bill to discontinue pensions to the children of officers and soldiers of the Revolution was passed. A joint resolution authorizing the sale of all unsuitable army supplies was adopted. The Committee on Military Affairs reported a bill to define the pay and emoluments of army officers, and also a bill to compensate loyal citizens for property destroyed, and to prevent the same being used by the enemy.

On Thursday, March 6, in the Senate, the Post-office Appropriation bill and the Postal Money Order bill were reported respectively by the Committees on Finance and Postal Affairs. A joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Commodore Goldsborough and his officers and seamen for their gallant conduct at Roanoke Island, was adopted unanimously. The bill relative to the pay of Congressmen was taken up, and an amendment allowing twenty cents per mile for mileage was adopted. Further debate on the bill was cut off by a motion to go into executive session, which was agreed to.——In the House, a Message from the President was received, suggesting the adoption of a joint resolution providing for co-operation with any State for the abolition of slavery with pecuniary consideration. The President, in proposing this initiatory step, predicts important practical results therefrom. On motion of Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, the Message was referred to the Committee of the Whole. The report of the Conference Committee on the resolution providing for the payment of Western war claims was accepted, and the resolution adopted. The bill providing for the organization of the division staffs of the army was passed. The Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill to provide for the purchase of coin and for other financial purposes, which was laid over. A long defense of Alexander Cummings, a contractor for army supplies, was read, and several speeches on the slavery and war questions were delivered in Committee of the Whole, and the House adjourned.

On Friday, March 7, in the Senate, the President's Message on the subject of emancipating slaves was read and referred to the Judiciary Committee. Memorials asking immediate action on the subject of the transmission of the California mails *via* Panama, and compensation for the loss of the steamer *Governor*, were presented. The bill to provide for the occupation and cultivation of cotton lands was, after a brief discussion, passed by a vote of 26 to 14. The Senate then went into executive session.——In the House, the Secretary of War was directed to communicate all the facts regarding the number, age, condition, amount of service performed, and the pay, cost of maintenance, etc., of the Africans at Fortress Monroe. A bill was introduced granting bounty and pensions to pilots, engineers, seamen, and crews of gun-boats. The bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase coin and for other purposes, was passed, without amendment. In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Blair, of Missouri, criticised General Frémont's military campaign in the West, and Mr. Colfax delivered a long speech warmly defending the General's conduct.

On Monday, March 10, in the Senate, a joint resolution, requiring higher qualifications for commanders of military divisions, was introduced and referred to the Military Committee. Objection was made to the introduction of a joint resolution coinciding with the proposition in the President's late special Message for aid to States desiring to emancipate their slaves. The bill to encourage enlistments in the army was taken up, and after considerable discussion amendments were adopted reducing the number of volunteer cavalry regiments to thirty, and striking out the provision giving bounty for enlistments from the volunteer into the regular service, when the bill was passed. The Confiscation bill was taken up, and Senator Browning, of Illinois, addressed the Senate. A vote of thanks to Commodore Foote was passed. The bill making a new Article of War, to the effect that no officer of the army shall return fugitive slaves, was taken up, debated, and finally passed, by 29 yeas to 9 nays, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate bill to regulate the sutler department in the volunteer service was taken up, and, after a long debate, and being amended, was passed. It requires schedules of articles permitted to be sold to be prominently posted in the camps, and prohibits sutlers from farming out their offices or selling to soldiers to an amount exceeding one-fourth their monthly pay. It also stops the sutler's lien on soldiers' pay. A resolution to forward the proposition of the President's special Message relative to aiding States which desire to abolish slavery was introduced, and a long debate on it took place, consuming the greater portion of the day; but the House adjourned without taking final action on it.

GENERAL BANKS'S ADVANCE.

Leesburg, one of the rebel strong-holds on the Upper Potomac, fell into our hands last week. On Friday night Colonel Geary left Lovettsville with his whole force for Leesburg. He marched triumphantly through Wheatland and Waterford, scattering the rebel forces before him. He took possession of Fort Johnson, one of the strongest defenses of the town, at sunrise on 8th, and entered Leesburg with fixed bayonets and flags flying, driving the rebel General Hill with all his command from the town and the surrounding forts, in full retreat toward Middleburg.

THE REBELS FALLING BACK ALONG THE WHOLE LINE.

The rebels are falling back from the lines of the Potomac in every direction. They have evacuated Winchester, on the left wing of their lines, before the advancing troops of General Banks's division. Centreville, in the centre of their position, is also abandoned; the whole line of the Lower Potomac, with all its formidable batteries, is evacuated, and we learn, as we close this record, that the rebels have withdrawn from their almost impregnable position at Manassas, which is now held by our troops.

CAPTURE OF BRUNSWICK AND FERNANDINA.

The naval expedition of Commodore Dupont has accomplished a splendid feat on the Southern coast by the capture of Brunswick, Georgia, and Fernandina, Florida, which gives the Government command of the whole coast of Georgia, from South Carolina to Florida. On the approach of our fleet at Brunswick the rebels fled, abandoning their works, which were taken possession of by our troops. The fleet then proceeded twenty miles further South, and entered Cumberland Sound, the entrance to Fernandina, and drove the rebels from Fort Clinch, which was immediately occupied and the Union flag hoisted. The mission of the expedition was accomplished on the 4th of March. The troops of General Wright took possession of the fort and the town of Fernandina.

ANOTHER VICTORY IN ARKANSAS.

An official dispatch was received by General M'Clellan on 10th from General Halleck announcing the complete rout and defeat of the combined rebel armies of Generals Price, M'Culloch, Van Dorn, and M'Intosh, at Sugar Creek, near Boston Mountains, in Arkansas, by the Union army under General Curtis. The victory was a brilliant one, and disposes of the rebel forces in that quarter. The fight lasted three days. Our loss is said to be 1000 killed and wounded, and that of the rebels is considerably more. A large quantity of stores, flags, guns, and ammunition were captured by General Curtis. Our cavalry was in rapid pursuit of the flying rebels. The energy of General Curtis is worthy of all praise.

REIGN OF TERROR AT RICHMOND.

The Union sentiment in Richmond appears to be growing too strong for the comfort of the rebel chiefs. It will be remembered that Jeff Davis proclaimed martial law in Norfolk and Portsmouth a few days ago, and on Saturday last a proclamation put Richmond also under military rule. John Minor Botts and twenty other leading citizens have been arrested and imprisoned on charges of being connected with a Union conspiracy. The streets of Richmond are placarded with calls upon the Union men to watch and wait, that the day is dawning, and proclaiming "The Union forever!" The Richmond *Dispatch* advocates the execution of the conspirators. A great panic prevails in the city, consequent upon the late defeats of the rebel arms.

The Richmond papers of Friday last contain an announcement of the arrest of a number of Union men, principally Germans. The discovery by a detective officer, in the room of the Turners, of two National flags, and a painting of the Goddess of Liberty, with other Union symbols, led to the arrests.

THE REBELS BESIEGED AT NEW MADRID.

New Madrid, where the rebels have made a stand, with a force of nearly 10,000 men, with four gun-boats at anchor off the town, is completely invested by the army of General Pope. Some skirmishes had taken place there, in which several of our troops were killed by shells thrown from the rebel gun-boats. New Madrid is a flourishing little town on the Mississippi river, 280 miles southeast of Jefferson City. It is the capital of Madrid County, has a population of 2000 inhabitants, and enjoys a large business in shipping corn, lumber, and cattle for the Southern market. The officers of General Pope's command are confident that as soon as the gun-boats are silenced the town will fall easily into our hands.

OUR ARMY IN TENNESSEE.

Nashville remains perfectly tranquil under the gentle rule of General Buell, whose head-quarters are at Edgefield, across the river. The people are agreeably surprised at the moderation of our troops. The Mayor had formally surrendered the city to General Buell, and issued a proclamation to the citizens requesting that business be resumed, assuring them of the protection of General Buell, announcing that the elections will take place on the regular day, and inviting the country people to bring in their produce as usual. An agent of the Post-office Department had arrived from Washington, and will open the Nashville Post-office soon. He has had forty applications for clerkships already.

JOHNSTON FLYING AGAIN.

A rebel dispatch from Atlanta, Georgia, confirms the report that Murfreesborough, Tennessee, has been occupied by our troops, and gives the additional information that the rebel general, A. S. Johnston, had retreated to Decatur, Alabama, a station on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. This indicates that the rebels, instead of concentrating at Chattanooga, as anticipated, are tending toward Memphis, where the great stand is to be made to dispute the possession of the Mississippi Valley.

MORE UNION FEELING ON THE TENNESSEE.

A dispatch from Lieutenant Gwin, of the gun-boat *Tyler*, who made a landing at Pittsburg under a flag of truce, says that the cry of the people is to "send us arms and sufficient forces to protect us in organizing ourselves, and we will drive the rebels out of Tennessee ourselves." The utmost joy was exhibited at Nashville on the Stars and Stripes being displayed there, and the familiar tunes of "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," played by our bands, were welcomed with enthusiasm.

THE TENNESSEE LEGISLATURE.

The Tennessee Legislature is having a hard time at Memphis. Another meeting was held on the 27th ultimo, when each house resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole for the purpose of counting noses, and the following was the result:

	Present.	Absent.
Senate	10	15
House	22	50

THE LATEST FROM THE GULF.

Our news from Ship Island is of an interesting character. The health of the men is good, although the weather is very hot, the thermometer marking ninety-five degrees in the shade. The details of the capture of the rebel steamer *Magnolia*, with 1150 bales of cotton, by the *South Carolina*, while attempting to run out of Mobile, are published. She threw overboard about two hundred and fifty bales, her entire cargo consisting of 1400 bales of the valuable staple. She was bound for Havana. The capture of a dozen or more oyster boats, on their way to New Orleans, will considerably diminish the supply and increase the price of this delicious article in the Crescent City of rebeldom.

PERSONAL.

Governor Andrew Johnson, with his staff, accompanied by Messrs. Etheridge and Maynard, left Washington on Saturday evening for Nashville, to enter upon their charge of the new Government of Tennessee.

The rebels give as a reason for not exchanging Colonel Corcoran, as expected, that maps and drawings were found concealed upon his person.

The Grand Army of the Potomac has been divided by General M'Clellan into five *corps d'armee*, respectively commanded by Generals Heintzelman, M'Dowell, Sumner, Keyes, and Banks.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS IN PARLIAMENT.

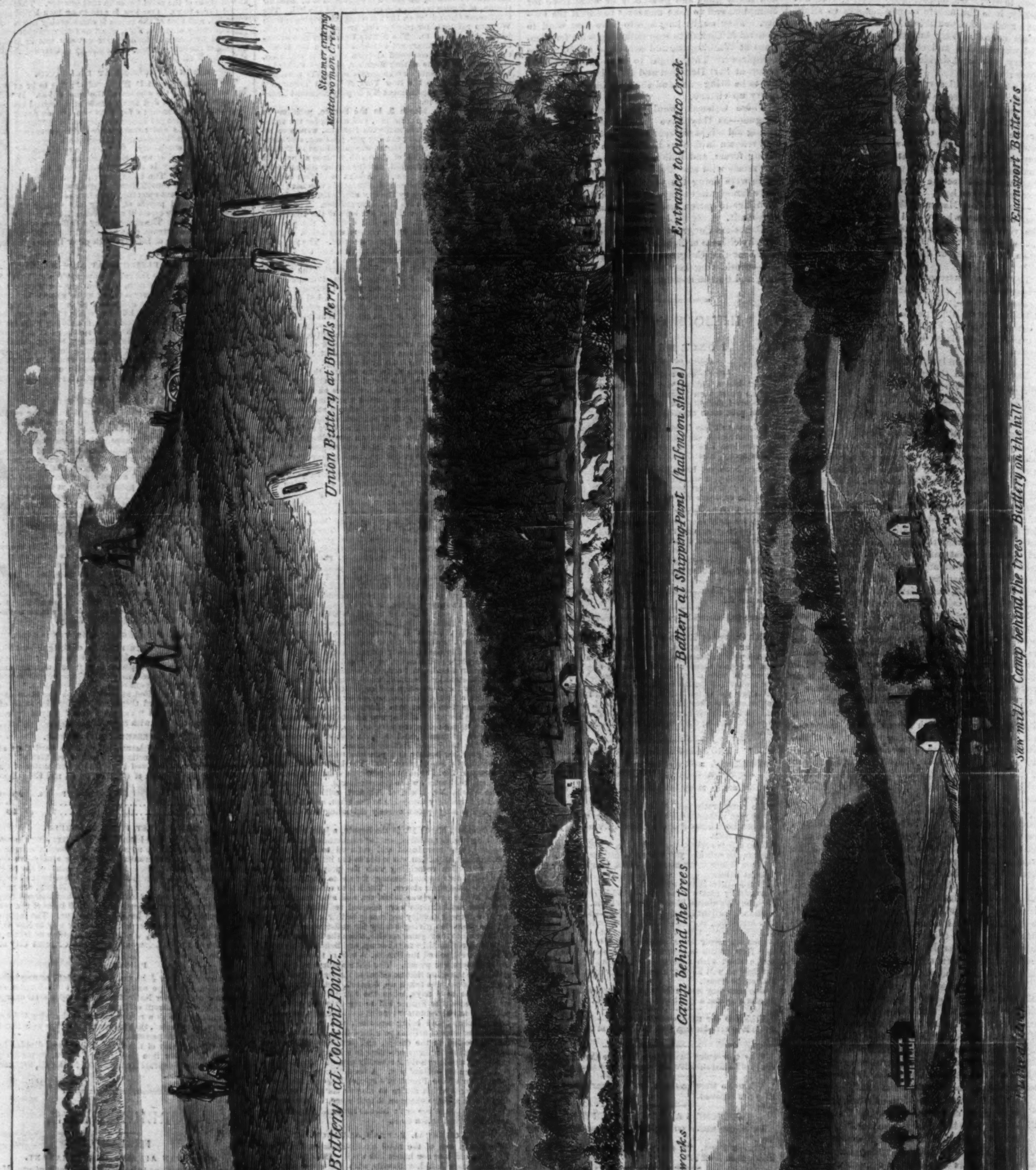
OUR affairs continue to be discussed in Parliament. Mr. Bright has made an energetic speech in condemnation of the outlay, added to the naval estimates, incurred by the policy which terminated in the surrender of Mason and Slidell. Mr. Bright evidently thinks, as a commercial liberal, that the game was not worth the cost charged to the British people. Lord Palmerston defended the course pursued by his Cabinet.

Earl Russell acknowledges himself satisfied with the operation of the Union Government in sinking the stone fleet off Charleston harbor. He says the measure was merely an aid to the blockade and was not intended to be permanent. Indeed he says that Charleston harbor could not be obliterated by artificial means, as the water will force an opening in another channel, and that Napoleon agrees with him in the opinion.

Lord Palmerston had stated in the House of Commons that the negotiations relative to the San Juan affair had been suspended, in consequence of the civil war in America, but a joint provisional occupation of the island had been arranged by both Governments. The British Government, in response to a request from The O'Donoghue, had refused to afford any information relative to British vessels running the blockade.

ARREST OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE "SUMTER."

The commander of the privateer *Sumter* has been arrested by the Moorish authorities at Tangier, but we are not informed as to the cause. The Liverpool *Courier* of the 26th ultimo says: "The ground upon which the arrest was made is not explained, but from the fact that it was made at the request of the North American Consul, we may surmise that it was on the allegation that Captain Semmes is a common marauder and pirate." The Dublin *Freeman* of the 27th ultimo remarks: "The arrest was made at the instance of the Federal Consul at Gibraltar and of the Captain of the Federal steamer *Tuscarora*, who proceeded to Tangier in order to influence the Moorish authorities, and who seem to have found the Moors more complaisant than Christian nations, and more ready to regard the laws of nations as binding them to aid the Northerners against the Southerners.



THE REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC NOW IN POSSESSION OF OUR TROOPS.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 187.]

NEWPORT NEWS BATTERY BEFORE THE FIGHT.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MANSFIELD AND STAFF AT NEWPORT NEWS DURING THE ENGAGEMENT.

THE GOOD OLD FLAG.

LOOK to your Banner, Boys!
Proudly it waves!
Traitors who trampled it
Cold in their graves.
Far over land and sea
Swells the glad cry,
"Union and Victory!
Praise God on high!"

Look on its gorgeous folds
Sprinkled with light,
Gleaming 'midst battle-wreaths
Sable as night—
Bright as the stars that glow
Through the dark storm,
Bright as through murky clouds
Struggles the morn.

Look on its emblems bright—
Emblems we love;
Fondly we clustered them,
Nailed them above:
Red for our Fathers' blood,
White for their fame,
Blue for our Nation's troth:
Pure be its name!

North winds are fondling it
Gently above;
South winds are greeting it
With hope and love.
Waft it from East to West,
Softly each breeze;
Shout for its gallant deeds,
Rivers and seas!

Look o'er its crimson fields,
Furrowed by death!
Trampled the bleeding sods,
Where the hot breath,
Scorching our very souls,
Treason exhaled,
Wrought in us hero's might
Never we failed.

List to its words of peace,
Pure as the song
Heaven is whispering
All the night long!
"Break not the golden cord,
Brotherly love;
Mar not this foretaste of
Union above!"

Swear then to guard it, Boys,
Ever from stain!
Let of suspicion's breath
No taint remain.
Ever in Freedom's van
Onward it bear;
Ever for equal laws
All things to dare.

When in death's giant grasp
Nations shall fall,
Spread out our Starry Flag
Then as their pall;
God of the true and brave,
Then let it rise,
Symbol of Liberty,
Home to the skies!

NAZARETH, PA., *March*, 1862.

CAPTAIN HARRY'S VALENTINE.

FEBRUARY 14, 1861. Does any body remember what sort of a day it was? Whether it shone with sunshine, or lowered with gray skies? Whether it pelted cold wintry rain, or sent down shrouds of snow? Whether it hardened its hoary heart in walls of icy adamant, or ran out meltingly in rippling rivers and flowing tides? Does any body remember? I remember. It was such a day as sometimes dawns in mid-winter to delude us with spring fancies of budding trees and springing grass. The sky was blue, the air was soft, and birds piped in the warm rays of the sun. Under this blue sky, in this soft air, and genial sunshine of this day of February 14, 1861, Captain Harry, of the United States service, and commander of the vessel lying at anchor in the harbor of ——: Captain Harry, whose rarely mentioned surname shall not betray him here, paced up and down the long, narrow deck of his vessel with no less a personage than Commodore Carey's daughter, Miss Josephine Carey, who in company with her father and perhaps a dozen others, visits the ship on this visiting day.

"Pooh! Commodore Carey indeed! Whoever heard of Commodore Carey?"

Of course you never did. Who said that you had? Did you expect I was going to give you real names with my real people and facts?

Josephine Carey was a pretty little girl. She looked like a child as she walked there beside Captain Harry, with his big shoulders and martial aspect. Very like a child she seemed too. A half-shy glance out of her eye, and a hovering smile flitting about her lips—lips of velvet crimson, and prettiest of all such an enchanting blush, rising and rising, falling and falling, just as tides rise and fall. But young, and shy, and tender as she appeared, it was said that the girl fairly wound Commodore Carey round her little finger. That she carried a high hand in the old house on —— Street, where she was sole and only mistress, in default of a mother who died at her birth. That she coaxed and wheedled her father even while she ruled him, to such a degree that he invariably ended his remonstrances with a "God bless the child!" And all the household seemed to partake of this spirit indeed; for while that young middy, who called her cousin, Dick Carey, would tell with a rueful face how she fairly outwitted him on more than one occasion, he would as invariably end with a remark as emphatic, though certainly not as reverent as the Commodore's,

"Ah, but she's a jolly girl, Sir!"

It is clearly proven then, that Captain Harry had a dangerous companion as he walked the deck that day.

As the waves murmured and sparkled before him, so this little Loreley murmured and sparkled at his side.

Would she wind him round her finger as easily as she had the Commodore? We shall see.

Leaning over the gunwale he asks,

"Do you know, Miss Josephine, what day this is?"

"What day? let me think," counting, "one, two, three," on three little fingers. "Yes, it is Thursday. Why?" looking up expectantly.

"I do not mean what day of the week, what day of the month?"

She counted again, and Captain Harry watched the pretty fingers at their pretty work.

"It is the 14th of February."

"And the 14th of February is St. Valentine's day. Do you remember, Josephine?"

"Remember what, Captain Harry?"

Captain Harry bit his lip at the reproof administered in her address. In his earnestness remembering what she acknowledged forgotten, he had called her "Josephine."

The cool little lady brought him to his senses with two words, "Captain Harry."

For a moment he was indignant, not at her reproof, though it hurt, but the forgetfulness or pretense of it. Another moment and looking down at her he got over his indignation. The shy, soft eyes were giving him a sidelong glance, and the faintest color was rising on her cheek.

She *did* remember! But still she shook her head. "Remember what, Captain Harry?"

Five seconds agone Captain Harry would have sworn that he would never have answered that question. Five seconds agone Captain Harry had felt himself rebuffed and aggrieved by it. Now, on its repetition, his heart was softened to such a degree that he eagerly made answer. And all for a pair of brown eyes meeting his shyly, and a pink color coming on a face that defied suspicion by its innocence. That was the spell.

He made answer, and there was the least tinge of reproach in his tone.

"You have *not* forgotten, Miss Josephine, what you said to me one week ago to-night?"

"Said? Ah, one says so many things, how can I recall all that I may have said a week ago? A week is an age."

He groaned inwardly; but the pretty fair face kept on its shy, appealing look, and again hope rose within his heart.

"Perhaps—perhaps it's a girl's way," he thought. So he went on: "One week ago to-night Miss Josephine Carey declined answering a question that I proposed to her. On this day she promised a reply."

Very low was his voice, very quiet was his mien; but Captain Harry was getting sorely impatient under this girl's way.

"A week ago—a week ago," she murmured, at length, as if in a dream. "I know the horns and harps were playing, the 'hundred lights were blazing,' and I walked with Captain Harry in the grand hall. He was very kind, he was very courteous, and I liked him well. He asked me a question, but he would not take an answer then; and I told him he should have it for a valentine on the 14th of February. But there are other 14ths of February to come, I trust, for both Captain Harry and myself."

"Josephine! Josephine! you can not mean to put me off in this way? But no, I shall never—"

What was he about to say? Why did he not say it? Why? Because something dropped upon his hand with a light touch that thrilled his very soul. A little pink palm, soft and warm.

He turned, flushed and expectant. She was *not* trifling with him! She would give him his answer—and she liked him well.

She began with the very words again.

"Captain Harry, I like you well, but I do not think I love you yet."

Then with a tinge of impatience, "Why did you disturb our pleasant relations? You men spoil every thing by haste. Well, I will give you your answer now if you wish, but I warn you—"

He stayed her with a word. Then, half in disdain at his own weakness, he asks,

"You have known me a year, Miss Josephine. How long must you know me to find out if you love me?"

"A year! And you want me to spend a lifetime with you. Truly your sex are consistent. Give me another year, and on this very day twelvemonths I promise you my answer."

"On this very day twelvemonths our country may be plunged in civil war, and in her service I may be out of the reach of your answer."

She smiled. This gloomy suggestion, in her estimation, was only brought forward for the occasion. She replied,

"I promise you, nevertheless, that on this very day twelvemonths you shall have it."

"I may be dead; what then?" he said, bitterly.

"Then you will not need it."

He reddened, bit his lip, and exclaimed, "Miss Josephine Carey, you are harder hearted than a stone, and I am a fool to drift round at your will!"

"You need not."

"No, I need not. That is very true; but I do it. My fate be on my own head. So I wait—still wait."

Suddenly he faced her.

"Josephine, you *are* not trifling with me?"

She was perfectly in earnest now; perhaps she had been all along.

"Why should you think I trifle when I say I like you well, but do not love you yet. Do I not here admit much—enough surely for now? I am young—just twenty. Next week I go to Europe. Let me see more of the world. At the end of the year, if I can say 'Yes,' it will be safer for you and for me. Perhaps at the end of the year you will not care for 'Yes' or 'No.' Then, of course, it will have been much safer."

"Then I shall be beyond all care. I shall not change if you do."

She laughed a little, half scornfully.

"Bah, the world is full of change."

"And you, where did you learn that bitter lesson so young?" he questioned.

"By the change about me. Half the married people I know are *ennuyé*. They have verified the proverb of hasty marrying. I do not mean to make the mistake. And I ask you to wait a year before I give myself to you for all the years of my life."

"Ah," and he shook his head ruefully, "if I only knew that at the end of the year you would give yourself to me for all the years of your life!"

She threw him a rapid glance, in which lurked depths of meaning; then dropping two or three pebbles into the water, she said quickly, "'*Ce qui est differé n'est pas perdu*.'"

"Jo!" called the Commodore from the gangway.

She turned, but her companion had taken her hand at this last sentence.

"Then I may hope for the best?" he eagerly says.

"No, no, hope nothing; how perverse you are!"

"Jo!" again called the paternal voice.

"And you will give me nothing before we part?" urged the suitor. "No *gage d'amitie* even: I shall not see you again; we sail to-morrow, you know."

She slipped her hand out of its little white mitten, leaving the latter only in his possession. A mischievous smile, a blush, and murmuring softly, "*Gage d'amitie*," she sped away to her father, who for the fourth time called her name.

Holding his *gage d'amitie*, Captain Harry stood a moment the picture of puzzled annoyance.

"She has given me the mitten after all. I had a great mind to throw it overboard. Bah, what a fool that girl makes of me!"

He shook it savagely, and out tinkled a ring—"a ring of amethyst." He had seen her wear it often. Did she mean this too for a "*gage d'amitie*," or was it accident? He chose to believe the former; and cheered not a little by the double *gage*, which so deftly turned the *gage d'amitie* to *gage d'amour*, he returned to his duties with a lighter heart.

Long before the next year came, the civil war he had prophesied was here.

In Paris with her aunt, Mrs. Carey—that boy Dick's mother—Josephine heard the news. A letter from her father summoned her home. The trunks were packed, the passports *visaed*, the passage secured, when a sudden and violent illness attacking Mrs. Carey, obliged them to remain behind. This delay was a sore trial to Josephine. She loved her father, as her father loved her, with little less than idolatry. Any day might see him offering up his life for a sacrifice to his country. Did she think as well of another? Did she remember a day in February when the sky was blue, the air was soft, and the sun shone kindly? Did she remember her promise of that day, and the gloomy prophecy whereat she had laughed?

It was spring now, months might elapse before she would again see her native land. In that time what might not happen? What dire disaster on sea and shore? what

"——shout and groan and sabre stroke?"

Ah, it was fearful!

All her talk was of "papa, dear papa;" but did her thoughts never recur to him who said, "I may be out of the reach of your answer then!" It is possible; but in Paris—that splendid Paris which was so full of enchantments, so full of allurements—she had found a companion who had given a keener charm to all that was charming; who had sung when she sung, and danced when she danced, and now did not fail to grieve when she grieved.

A year ago Miss Josephine Carey would have laughed in your face, if you had told her that Livingston Raynal would have proved such a companion to her. But a year ago they were in America; now they were in Paris. It made a vast difference. A year ago she had met him in company with spirits of a different order. Men whose lives were moved by the springs of "to-day." Earnest in the present work. Eager for advancement. Interested in all practical schemes of action and endeavor.

In this company Livingston Raynal was out of joint. His smooth cultivation lacked the edge of earnestness, his tastes looked effeminate, his idleness selfish by contrast. But the scene changes. Instead of this atmosphere of the New World, there is the gracious gayety, the careless ease of the fascinating *Parisien salons*. There is no hurry here. The stream flows evenly and brilliantly, and Life is set to dance-music, while the sun shines and the fountains play. And here has Livingston Raynal his true orbit, where he swings, a star. And here Josephine Carey and the star find each other. Pleasant finding it is, as I have said, but do you suppose that Miss Josephine has surrendered her whole heart to this pleasure? You shall see.

One, two, three months went by, and Aunt Catherine's illness had settled into a slow disease which admitted of no removal. She had been a mother to Josephine, and she was her sole relative in Paris. Could she leave her?

One two, three months, and all her talk was of "papa," until a night in August she sat in their *salon* reading aloud to her one auditor—Mr. Raynal—a letter just received from her father. It was full of vivid description and suggestion. It told of past conflict and defeat, of present preparation on sea and shore, the gathering battalions and the armed fleet.

As the girl read her color came and went, her eyes darkened and glowed, her lips quivered and smiled.

Her listener watched her, with his fastidious sense of charm fully awakened; and Josephine thought, as she met the gaze, that his heart was stirred—as hers was stirred—with patriotic ardor.

Stopping at last, she fell from her high flight of glory into the sad dreams of a woman who can only watch and wait. Doubly sad to her it seemed then, waiting there, miles and miles away. And as she thought, something rose in her throat. She struggled with herself, but rebellious nature would have its way, and a brief passion of tears relieved the passion of regret.

Mr. Raynal was all alert in an instant. He was very, very sorry.

"What was it—no bad news, surely?"

The eyes wept on uncomforted. The lips refused to answer.

Mr. Raynal grew more solicitous.

What *was* the matter with dear Miss Josephine?

"Dear Miss Josephine" suddenly glanced upon him from behind her handkerchief with a vehemence that startled and amazed him, answering, quite sharply, that it was matter enough, she should think, to be removed at such a distance from her father in times like these.

Mr. Raynal had made a mistake. Perhaps, if he had been a Frenchman, he would have shrugged his shoulders at it, and in endeavoring to make it better would have made it worse. But Mr. Raynal did not shrug his shoulders, and in endeavoring to remedy his blunder he met with signal success. Asking her pardon like a gentleman, but like a gentleman who was hurt, gravely and with dignity. Whereat Miss Josephine, who had been used to torment better men all her days, actually drew in her little sharp horns, and felt much as if she had made herself ridiculous. So much for Mr. Raynal's power. How far would it extend?

Then the gentleman essaying consolation, patched his blunder up with earnest words of sympathy.

He was sure that before many weeks her aunt would be able to sail. Nothing would be done until then. The movements of the army were slow.

Listening, the tears stopped, and the sun shone in her smile. Listening, she fell a-dreaming—pleasant dreams, for the smile deepened, the eyes beamed. Out of this dream she says, "I *must* be there on the 14th."

"On the 14th—what then, Miss Josephine?"

She laughed lowly, recalled to herself.

"On the 14th—on the 14th—ah, Monsieur Raynal, on the 14th the die must be cast."

He regarded her with a puzzled air. A moment ago a tender, sorrowful thing, all tears and regrets; now a smiling sprite, dealing in riddles.

What did she mean? he smilingly asked.

"Only that the 14th—the 14th of February, Monsieur, is St. Valentine's day, and I must be home to keep a promise—a St. Valentine promise;" and she laughed again her little low laugh, out of the folds of her lace shawl, into which she had dropped her face.

Livingston Raynal was possessed of keen perceptions. Though almost out of date now—except for boys and girls, or for some merry jest—he knew well enough what the day signified, and quickly guessed the nature of her promise. Going deeper still, he read the "Yes" and "No" swinging in the balance. "Yes" and "No"—which should it be? If he asked himself this question, he answered it as speedily, and it would seem satisfactorily; for a new look of animation came into his face in a moment.

In this Paris life, if the girl before him had learned to know him better, so, too, had his knowledge of her deepened. He saw her here fond of splendor and fashion and show; fond of flattery and power and position. It would be hard to give them up. Could she be willing to go back to the old life—and, further yet, end it all by becoming the wife of a captain in the navy, with little more than his pay for an income?

Perhaps Mr. Raynal asked himself these questions also, for he was no stranger to the poor naval captain who had "hung round" Miss Josephine Carey for the past two years. And perhaps, if he asks them, he feels very confident that "flattery and power and position," and Livingston Raynal, may carry the day.

But do not be too hasty in your conclusions, Monsieur Raynal. Underneath all this love of "flattery and power and position" may lie something of different texture—something akin to the nature of that stanch old republican, Commodore Carey.

Ah! no; there is no need of haste. Monsieur Raynal has plenty of time. His country's call is not for him. The clubs, the balls, the galleries of art, the play, and all the grand procession of Paris pleasures, which occupy him, yet leave him time to pursue still another object. Plenty of time.

Yet he does not delay unnecessarily. He who can be so agreeable infuses on this evening a more vivid charm into speech and manner.

Graceful, handsome, and brilliant, he became the essence of grace and beauty and brilliance; and the fair little Josephine, sitting opposite, looks and listens and admires! And listening, she occupies her fingers in some pretty feminine work which is half play—weaving in and out a lacy mass of fine-spun cotton, for some useless use of toilet or tray.

Keeping the thread of the brilliant talk, she at last drops the thread of cotton from its slender chain of connection. A half-unconscious exclamation, and she goes winding out the blunder into skeins again. Her companion bends forward and offers his services; and contrary to the usual custom, in this coquetish co-operation Monsieur imprisons the hands of Mademoiselle with the countless threads of snow-white cotton.

Round and round he winds the raveled thread—round and round, meshing the little hands in the soft skeins, meshing the little heart into subtler skeins of soft-voiced eloquence. Round and round, until the thread catches against the fretted setting of a jet ring—a jet ring, diamond-sparkling, on her finger. He leans forward to disentangle, a smile upon his lips.

"Mademoiselle has established a picket-guard."

"Whereon King Cotton is held in durance vile," she returns.

A blush rises to her cheek in the pause that follows, as the larger hand delays against the lesser in the process of disentanglement.

"Well," she exclaims at length, a little quickly, "how long is this imprisonment to last? When will the commodity be at liberty?"

"When victory is proclaimed, dear Miss Josephine!"

She laughs, and then, "What a provoking snarl, and all for a little jet ring!"

"Yes, all for a little jet ring—all this delay and ruin perhaps to the whole fabric, for this contraband—a jet ring, truly!"

The sudden bitterness of his tone gave added weight to his words. She understood something of his meaning, not wholly yet. She understood the play, the jesting correspondences of figure and fact. And she says,

"So you think the war rests there?"

"Yes, I think the war rests there. I think it rests at the door of abolition agitation. And I think we shall never know peace or union until that senseless meddling cry shall cease. Let slavery alone, and it will take care of itself, and work out its own salvation by some natural laws."

Snap went the slender thread—lost all the labor of the night. The smooth, soft skein was a snarl again. A snarl that even the skillful patience of Livingston Raynal would fail to untangle.

Drawing back, dropping off the cotton from her hands, she says quickly, "Which natural laws, I suppose you to mean, are servile insurrections."

For a moment her listener was struck dumb with amaze. This fair little Josephine, the gay belle of ball and fête. This fairy in countless flounces and fluttering ribbons to have an opinion beyond her own gay world! The something akin to that stanch old republican, Commodore Carey, was rising now to the surface. "Flattery and power and position" were sinking out of sight.

And while he wonders, she goes on:

"How can you say the war rests there—how can you put this selfish rebellion on that ground—when, as early as 1776, John Adams wrote to his friend Gates—'All our misfortunes arise from a single source—the resistance of the Southern colonies to a Republican Government.' No, it is not abolitionism; it is slavery that has brought it on. You might as well say that the protecting law of a Christian land, which dooms the murderer to death, is the sole cause of his fate. And so you put up this subterfuge when it is the old vantage-ground of baron and serf, noble and slave. And if we keep a base silence we may have peace, you say. Peace! do not talk of peace on such a servile silence as this!"

Stopping a moment, all flushed and eager, she leaned forward, and from a table took a volume of Mrs. Browning—the Casa Guidi. With gathering color and ardent voice she read—

"I love no peace which is not fellowship,
And which includes not mercy. I would have
Rather the raking of the guns across
The world, and shrieks against Heaven's architrave,
Rather the struggle in the slippery fosse,
Of dying men and horses, and the wave
Blood-bubbling....Enough said!—By Christ's own cross,
And by the faint heart of my womanhood,
Such things are better than a Peace which sits
Beside the hearth in self-commended mood,
And takes no thought how wind and rain by fits
Are howling out of doors against the good
Of the poor wanderer. What! your peace admits
Of outside anguish while it sits at home?
I loathe to take its name upon my tongue—
It is no peace. 'Tis treason, stiff with doom—
'Tis gagged despair, and inarticulate wrong.
* * * * * * *
O Lord of Peace, who art Lord of Righteousness,
Constrain the anguished worlds from sin and grief,
Pierce them with conscience, purge them with redress,
And give us peace which is no counterfeit!"

Well might her listener be amazed. He little suspected this underlying of will and strength—this outburst, which showed clear sympathy for a cause, and clear knowledge of its points.

They had been treading on flowers until now—a sudden step, the flowers are scattered; and on heroic battle ground he is challenged and charged by one who, a moment since, smiled under Flora's most peaceful garland.

Challenged and charged! Does he accept the challenge? Does he charge back again with quivering lance?

No; a few light words of evasion, a polite air of tolerance because it was a woman who spoke, an attempt at good-humored amusement; but no answer. He could not answer!

Twice that night he had blundered. The first found remedy. The second? Did he know it was beyond all remedy? Did he know, as he bent over her hand at parting, and talked, smiling, of their "little tilt," as he was pleased to term it, that the "little tilt" had swung the balance of the "Yes" and "No?"

One, two, three months again, and Josephine Carey is on her way back to America. It is in November; and as she walks the deck, and notes the stars and stripes fling fluttering out from the flag-staff, she checks the absent tune upon her lips, and murmurs with a kind of exultant archness, "I shall be in time—I shall be in time!"

In time for what, Miss Josephine? But Miss Josephine Carey is impregnable when she chooses. She chooses now. The tune goes on as absently as before, the face puts up its mask of silence, and away she walks wrapped in her tweed Capuchin cloak, and catching the salt spray on her floating curls. Just the fair lovely thing of last year; no change but of beauty. The deep violet eyes still droop their shy glances, the cheek's color comes and goes; but the soul looking out of those eyes is conscious of itself, the swift-coming color pulsates to serener changes.

She has seen the world, and she is better for it. She has tried its splendor and its fashion, and is yet glad to return to simpler things.

If, miles and miles away, her soul thrilled with the tidings of her country's struggle, she was not likely to grow cooler in the very midst of it. No, nearness could not cool nor use harden this ardent spirit. Once roused to life's deeper meanings, hers was not the nature to turn back. "In the very midst," with the booming of cannon, and the fluttering of flags comes February, the month of victory. Does she remember a day in February when the sky was blue, the air was soft, and the sun shone kindly? Does she remember her promise of that day?

On the 14th of February, 1862, the sky was overcast, the air was chill and wintry, and the sun refused to shine. It was a bright day nevertheless, for it was preceded by splendid successes, and charged with prophecies of future ones. To none brighter than to the heroes of Roanoke. One of these heroes, sitting in his state-room on that day, is surprised by a brightness which is not of war's successes. For him the sky is blue, the air is soft, and the sun shines kindly as he bends over the letter, which says:

"I wanted to see the world, and I have seen it. I wanted to test its power, and I have tested it. I wanted to know my own heart, and I now have that knowledge. If last year I liked Captain Harry well, this year I like him better. The answer I could not give him then I freely give him now; and my 'Yes,' God willing, shall reach him to redeem my promise of twelve months agone."

The promise was redeemed. On that day of February 14, 1862, Captain Harry received his Valentine.

FORT DONELSON.

WE continue in this number our series of pictures of Fort Donelson, from sketches by our correspondent, Mr. Alexander Simplot. The picture which represents the INTERIOR OF THE WORK will show how formidable a place it was, and how large a garrison it was calculated to accommodate. The WATER BATTERY gives a good idea of the terrible obstacles our brave troops had to overcome, and the fearful fire which crippled our gun-boats.

THE NAVAL COMBAT IN THE CHESAPEAKE.

WE devote much of our space this week to illustrations of the naval combat which took place in the Chesapeake on 8th and 9th March between the rebel vessels *Merrimac*, *Jamestown*, and *Yorktown*, and our iron-clad *Monitor*, *Cumberland*, *Congress*, and *Minnesota*.

On page 177 we give a picture of the *Monitor*. The following account of the vessel we take from the *World*:

THE ERICSSON STEAMER "MONITOR."

The *Monitor* was built and launched at Greenpoint, Long Island, by Captain Ericsson on January 30, having been built in one hundred days. She is constructed on an entirely original plan, invented by Captain Ericsson with the specific view of attaining absolute invulnerability. There are, in effect, two hulls to the vessel, the upper one being the defensive portion, and the lower one, which is entirely protected by the upper, being built light of three-eighth inch iron, with an average thickness of three-quarters of an inch. The upper hull is 174 feet long, 41 feet 4 inches wide, and 5 feet deep; the lower hull 124 feet long, 34 feet wide at the top where it connects with the upper hull, so that the upper hull extends over the lower 25 feet over each end and 3 feet 7 inches over the side. The sides of the upper hull are perpendicular, and are built of a bulwark of white oak, 30 inches thick, upon which is placed an armor of solid plate iron, 6 inches thick, extending from bottom to top of the straight side of 5 feet depth, and all around the vessel. The vessel draws hardly 10 feet, and her sides are only 18 inches out of water. The propeller, rudder, anchor, and engines are all protected under the upper hull. The deck is shell-proof. The inclination of the lower hull is such, that a ball can not strike it without passing through 25 feet of water, and then striking at an acute angle of about 10 degrees. Upon the deck is a cylindrical turret, which is to contain and protect the guns and gunners. It is 9 feet high and 20 feet internal diameter, having two port-holes on the same side for the guns, and being built to revolve fifteen times a minute, if necessary, by machinery connected with the engine. By this revolution the guns are brought to bear at any point of the compass. The turret is of iron plates, standing lengthwise, riveted, and making in all a thickness on every side of 9 inches of iron. On the side in which the port-holes are bored, which will be the most exposed to fire, will be an additional shield of 2 inches of iron, making the whole thickness 11 inches. It has a perforated shell-proof top. The armament inside the turret consists of two 11-inch Columbiads, which have been furnished with 400 wrought-iron shot, each ball costing $47, and weighing 184 pounds, made on purpose for smashing in the sides of such rebel floating batteries as the *Merrimac*, where cast-iron shot would break to pieces. The vessel has no unprotected part. If a ball strikes the turret, it meets a resistance of 9 or (if on the fighting side) of 11 inches of iron; if it strikes the sides, a resistance of 6 inches of iron and a bulwark of 30 inches of white oak; and to strike the light portion, as we have said, it must pass through 25 feet of water. The stem and stern of the iron-clad part are pointed at an angle of 80 degrees. The plate being straight on the two sides toward the end, and the sides sharp, the battery is considered by the inventor as one of the most powerful steam-rams ever built, bringing the whole immense weight of the upper hull and deck, a weight of about 550 tons, to operate in one direction.

THE "MERRIMAC."

The following account of the *Monitor's* antagonist, the rebel iron-plated ship, is from the *Herald* correspondent:

The *Merrimac*, the iron-plated steamer, was formerly the United States frigate of the same name, which was scuttled and sunk at the Norfolk Navy-yard, at the commencement of the rebellion, by the officers of the Union Government, in preference to her falling into the hands of the rebels. She was built at Charlestown in 1855, and was pierced for forty guns. Her last service had been in the Pacific squadron. After the rebels took possession of the yard she was raised and converted into a man-of-war for their own use. Her hull was cut down to within three feet of her water-mark, and a bomb-proof house built on her gun-deck. She was also iron-plated, and her bow and stern steel-clad, within a projecting angle of iron for the purpose of piercing a vessel. She has no masts, and there is nothing to be seen over her gun-deck with the exception of her pilot-house and smoke-stack. Her bomb-proof is three inches thick, and is made of wrought-iron. Her armament consists of four eleven-inch navy guns on each side, and two one-hundred pounder Armstrong guns at the bow and stern. Last November she made a trial trip from Norfolk, running down so close to Fortress Monroe as to be seen by the naked eye, but ventured no nearer. Although she was looked upon by the rebels as a very tough customer for a vessel or vessels not protected as she is, she remained inactive, anchored off Norfolk, until her present engagement.

THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHT.

On pages 184 and 185 we give views of the Two FIGHTS—that of the 8th and that of the 9th. The former was thus described by the correspondent of the Associated Press:

The dullness of Old Point was startled to-day by the announcement that a suspicious-looking vessel, supposed to be the *Merrimac*, looking like a submerged house with the roof only above water, was moving down from Norfolk by the channel in front of the Sewall's Point batteries. Signal-guns were also fired by the *Cumberland* and *Congress*, to notify the *Minnesota*, *St. Lawrence*, and *Roanoke* of the approaching danger, and all was excitement in and about Fortress Monroe.

There was nothing protruding above the water but a flag-staff flying the rebel flag, and a short smoke-stack. She moved along slowly, and turned into the channel leading to Newport News, and steamed direct for the frigates *Cumberland* and *Congress*, which were lying at the mouth of James River.

As soon as she came within range of the *Cumberland*, the latter opened on her with her heavy guns, but the balls struck and glanced off, having no more effect than pease from a pop-gun. Her ports were all closed, and she moved on in silence, but with a full head of steam. In the mean time, as the *Merrimac* was approaching the two frigates on one side, the rebel iron-clad steamers *Yorktown* and *Jamestown* came down the James River and engaged our frigates on the other side. The batteries at Newport News also opened on the *Yorktown* and *Jamestown*, and did all in their power to assist the *Cumberland* and *Congress*, which, being sailing vessels, were at the mercy of the approaching steamers. The *Merrimac*, in the mean time, kept steadily on her course, and slowly approached the *Cumberland*, when she and the *Congress*, at the distance of 100 yards, rained full broadsides on the iron-clad monster, that took no effect, glancing upward and flying off, having only the effect of checking her progress for a moment.

After receiving the first broadside of the two frigates, she ran on to the *Cumberland*, striking her about midships, and literally laying open her sides. She then drew off and fired a broadside into the disabled ship, and again dashed against her with her iron-clad prow, and, knocking in her side, left her to sink, while she engaged the *Congress*, which lay about a quarter of a mile distant. The *Congress* had in the mean time kept up a sharp engagement with the *Yorktown* and *Jamestown*, and having no regular crew on board of her, seeing the hopelessness of resisting the iron-clad steamer, at once struck her colors. Her crew had been discharged several days since, and three companies of the Naval Brigade had been put on board temporarily until she could be relieved by the *St. Lawrence*, which was to have gone up on Monday to take her position as one of the blockading vessels of the James River.

On the *Congress* striking her colors, the *Jamestown* approached and took from on board of her all her officers as prisoners, but allowed the crew to escape in boats. The vessel being thus cleared, was fired by the rebels, when the *Merrimac* and her two iron-clad companions opened with shell and shot on the Newport News batteries. The firing was briskly returned. Various reports have been received, principally from frightened sutlers' clerks. Some of them represent that the garrison had been compelled to retreat from the batteries to the woods. Another was that the two smaller rebel steamers had been compelled to retreat from their guns.

In the mean time the steam frigate *Minnesota*, having partly got up steam, was being towed up to the relief of the two frigates, but did not get up until it was too late to assist them. She was also followed up by the frigate *St. Lawrence*, which was taken in tow by several of the small harbor steamers. It is, however, rumored that neither of these vessels had pilots on board them, and after a short engagement both of them seemed to be, in the opinion of the pilots on the Point, aground. The *Minnesota*, either intentionally or from necessity, engaged the three steamers at about a mile distance with only her two bow guns. The *St. Lawrence* also poured in shot from all the guns she could bring to bear, and it was the impression of the most experienced naval officers on the Point that both had been considerably damaged. These statements, it must be borne in mind, are all based on what could be seen by a glass at a distance of nearly eight miles, and a few panic-stricken non-combatants, who fled at almost the first gun from Newport News.

In the mean time darkness approached, though the moon shone out brightly, and nothing but the occasional flashing of guns could be seen. The *Merrimac* was also believed to be aground, as she remained stationary at a distance of a mile from the *Minnesota*, making no attempt to attack or molest her.

THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

The *Herald* correspondent writes:

This day (Sunday) the day broke fair. As the sun broke on the horizon a slight haze was visible on the water, which prevented an extended vision. At half past six o'clock A.M. this haze cleared away. Looking toward Sewall's Point there appeared the *Merrimac* and the rebel steamers *Yorktown* and *Patrick Henry*. They were stationary—the *Merrimac* to the right of the others, blowing off steam. Their appearance was the cause for a second alarm. The rebel craft seemed deliberating what to do—whether to move on to attempt the destruction of the *Minnesota*, which was yet aground, or move on to the Union fleet anchored near the Rip Raps. The appearance of the *Merrimac* on this second visit caused great precipitation in the removal of our transport fleet to a safe harbor a mile or two up the Chesapeake Bay. At seven A.M. a plan seemed to have been adopted, and the *Merrimac* steamed in the direction of the *Minnesota*, which was still aground. The *Yorktown* and *Jamestown* were crowded with troops, and steamed slowly after the *Merrimac*. The plan of the latter seemed to be to destroy the *Minnesota*, and then proceed to shell out the Union camp at Newport News, and land and take possession of the Union camp with their own troops.

The *Merrimac* steamed along with boldness until she was within three miles of the *Minnesota*, when the *Monitor* essayed from behind the latter, and proceeded toward the *Merrimac*. At first the rebel craft seemed nonplused, and hesitated, no doubt in wonderment at the queer-looking machine approaching her. The *Merrimac* then closed the distance between her and the *Monitor* until they were within a mile of each other. Both batteries stopped. The *Merrimac* fired a shot at the *Minnesota*, to which no reply was made. The rebel craft then fired at the *Monitor*; the latter replied, hitting the *Merrimac* near the water-line. The *Merrimac* then commenced firing very rapidly, first from her stern gun at the *Monitor*, and then her broadside guns, occasionally firing a shot at the *Minnesota*. The fight went on in this way for an hour or two, both vessels exchanging shots pretty freely. Sometimes the *Merrimac* would retire followed by the *Ericsson*, and *vice versa*.

While the fight between the batteries was going on one hundred solid 9-inch shot were sent up from Fortress Monroe on the steamer *Rancocas* to the *Minnesota*. At a quarter past ten o'clock the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* had come into pretty close quarters, the former giving the latter two broadsides in succession. It was promptly replied to by the *Monitor*. The firing was so rapid that both craft were obscured in columns of white smoke for a moment or more. The ramparts of the fort, the rigging of the vessels in port, the houses, and the bend, were all crowded with sailors, soldiers, and civilians. When the rapid firing alluded to took place, these spectators were singularly silent, as if doubtful as to the result. Their impatience was soon removed by the full figure of the *Monitor*, with the Stars and Stripes flying at her stern, steaming around the *Merrimac*, moving with the ease of a duck on the water. The distance between the vessels was forty feet. In this circuit the *Monitor's* guns were not idle, as she fired shot after shot into her antagonist, two of which, it is alleged, penetrated the *Merrimac's* sides.

At eleven A.M. the *Minnesota* opened fire, and assisted the *Monitor* in engaging the *Merrimac*. She fired nine-inch solid shot with good accuracy, but with apparently little effect. The *Merrimac* returned the fire, firing shell, one of which struck and exploded the boiler of the gun-boat *Dragon*, which was alongside the *Minnesota* endeavoring to get her off. By this unfortunate affair Jos. M'Donald, sailor, was seriously scalded. For the next hour the battle raged fiercely between the *Merrimac* on the rebel side and the Union vessels, the *Monitor*, *Minnesota*, and *Whitehall*, but with no particular result. The *Minnesota* being the best mark for the *Merrimac*, the latter fired at her frequently, alternately giving the *Monitor* a shot. The *Merrimac* made several attempts to run at full speed past the *Monitor* to attack and run down the *Minnesota*. All these attempts were parried, as it were, by the *Monitor*. In one of these attempts by the *Merrimac* she ran her plow or ram with full force against the side of the *Monitor*; but it only had the effect of careening the latter vessel in the slightest degree. The rebel boats *Yorktown* and *Patrick Henry* kept at a safe distance from the *Monitor*. The former vessel, at the beginning of the fight, had the temerity to come within respectable range of the *Monitor*. The latter fired one shot at her, entering her pilot-house, carrying it away, and, no doubt, killing a number of rebels. She retired out of range.

The fight raged hotly on both sides, the opposing batteries moving around each other with the skill, ease, and dexterity of expert pugilists. The *Merrimac*, though the strongest, did not move with the dexterity of her antagonist; hence the *Monitor* had the advantage of taking choice of position. At a quarter before twelve o'clock, noon, Lieutenant Hepburn, the signal-officer on the ramparts at Fortress Monroe, reported to General Wool that the *Monitor* had pierced the sides of the *Merrimac*, and in a few minutes the latter was in full retreat, heading for Sewall's Point, and chased for a few minutes by the *Monitor*. The *Merrimac* had evidently suffered to some extent, and it was thought at one time that she was sinking. After she got safely under the guns of the rebel battery at Sewall's Point, she stopped and signaled for help from her consorts, who were beating a retreat. Subsequently two tug-boats, or gun-boats, went alongside and took her in tow, and proceeded to Norfolk. This ended the engagement.

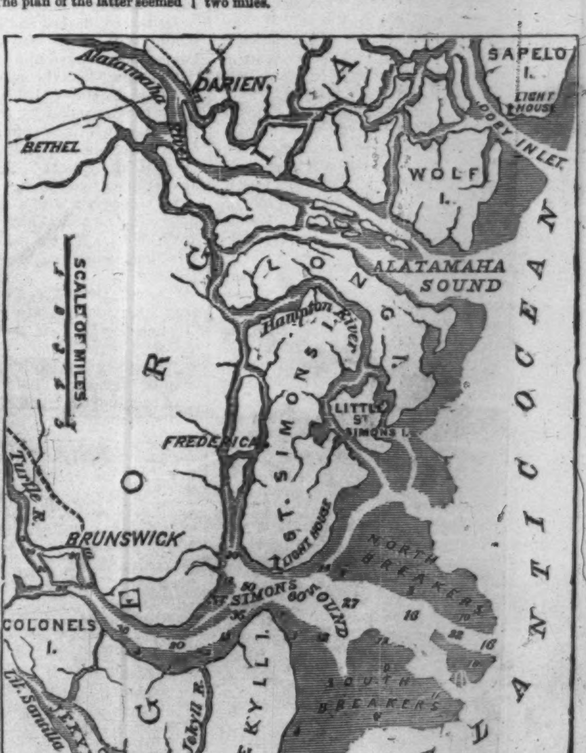
BRUNSWICK AND FERNANDINA.

WE publish on this page and on page 186 charts of the harbors of Brunswick, Georgia, and Fernandina, Florida, which have just been seized by our forces under Commodore Dupont. We take the following descriptions from the *Herald*:

Brunswick is a port of entry, and is also the capital of Glynn County, Georgia. It is situated on the Turtle River, at a distance of eighty miles to the southwest of Savannah. The place itself is pleasantly situated on a sandy bluff, about ten feet above high-water mark, and the harbor in the neighborhood is both spacious and secure; the soundings give a depth of water to the port varying from three to eight fathoms, so that any vessel drawing not over fourteen feet of water can enter the harbor at almost any time. Over the bar there are fourteen feet of water at low tide. The spring tides rise eight and a half feet, and neap tides six feet. High water, at the full and change, at half past seven. St. Simon's light is on the south point of St. Simon's Island. This light, previous to the rebellion, was a fixed light, and stood eighty feet above the sea. Brunswick is the eastern terminus of the Brunswick and Florida Railroad. The shipping of the district, on the 30th of June, 1852, was 306 tons registered, and 853 tons enrolled and licensed. During that year there were three foreign arrivals, and six vessels cleared for foreign ports. Of course the smallness of the number arose from the close proximity to the harbor of Savannah.

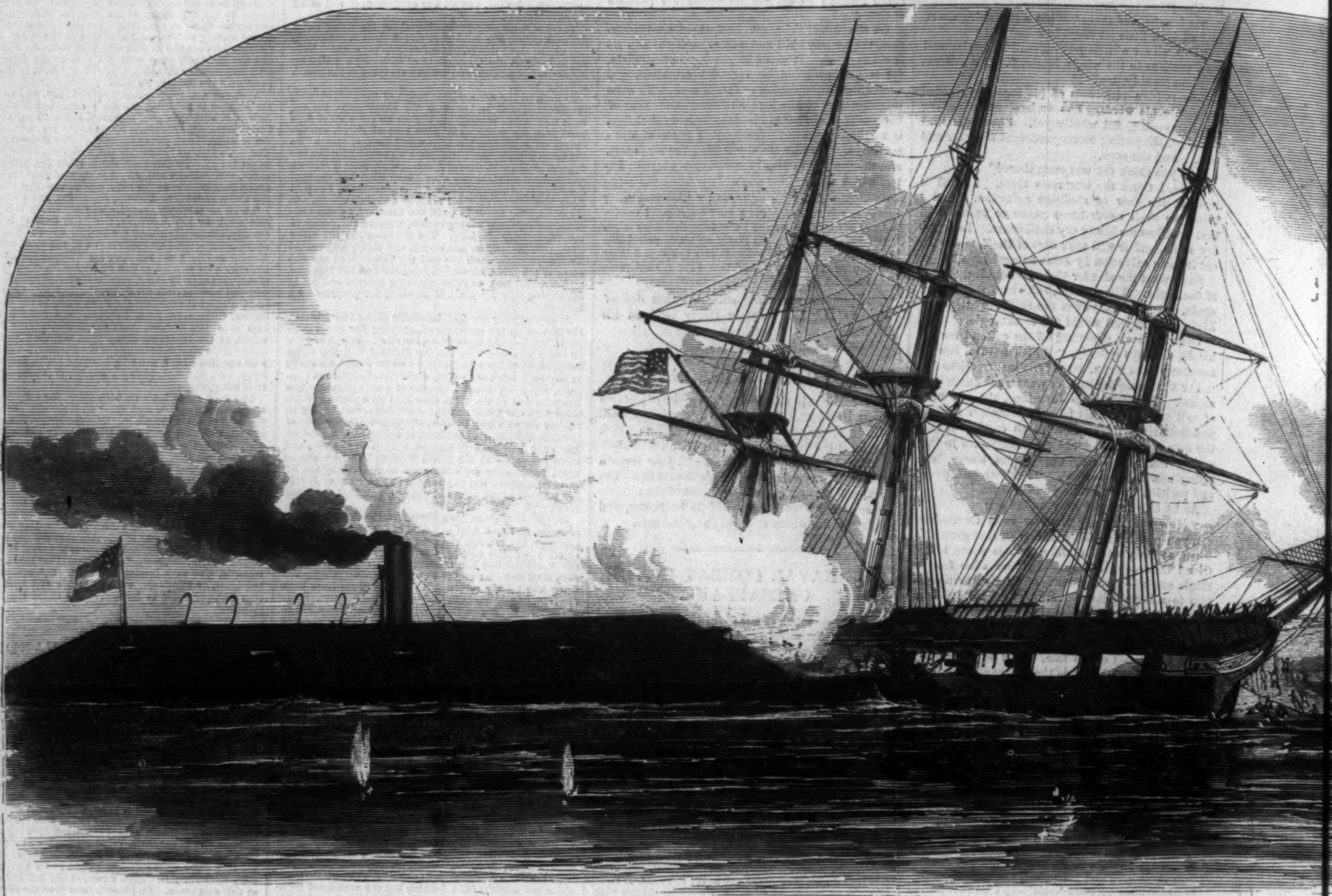
Fernandina is a small village of Nassau County, Florida, and is situated on the northern part of Amelia Island. It is located at a distance of one hundred and eight-five miles east by north of Tallahassee, the capital of the State. It is said to be the best harbor south of Chesapeake Bay. Vessels can anchor in the harbor in forty feet of water, sheltered from all winds.

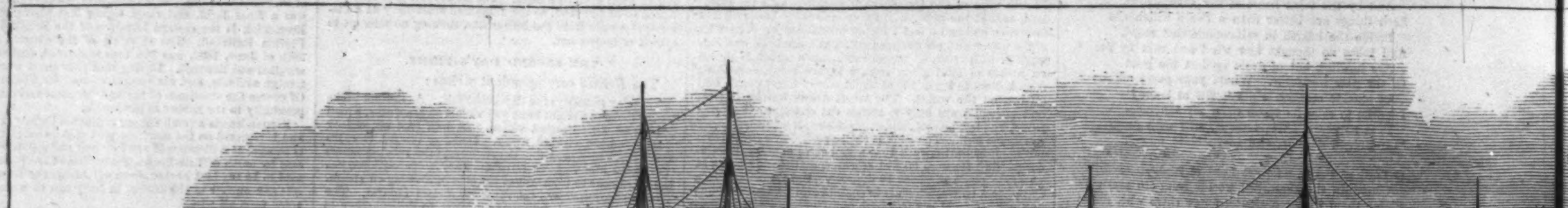
The Florida Railroad runs to Jacksonville, where the Atlantic and Gulf Central Railroad joins it, and which runs seventy-eight miles in a westerly direction, *via* Lake City, to Houston. Lake City is sixty miles from Jacksonville, and about double that distance from Fernandina. At Houston the road is connected with the Pensacola and Georgia railroad, which extends the line sixty miles farther to Tallahassee. It then takes a southerly direction to the sea-coast at St. Marks, a farther distance of twenty-two miles.



BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE UNION FORCES.

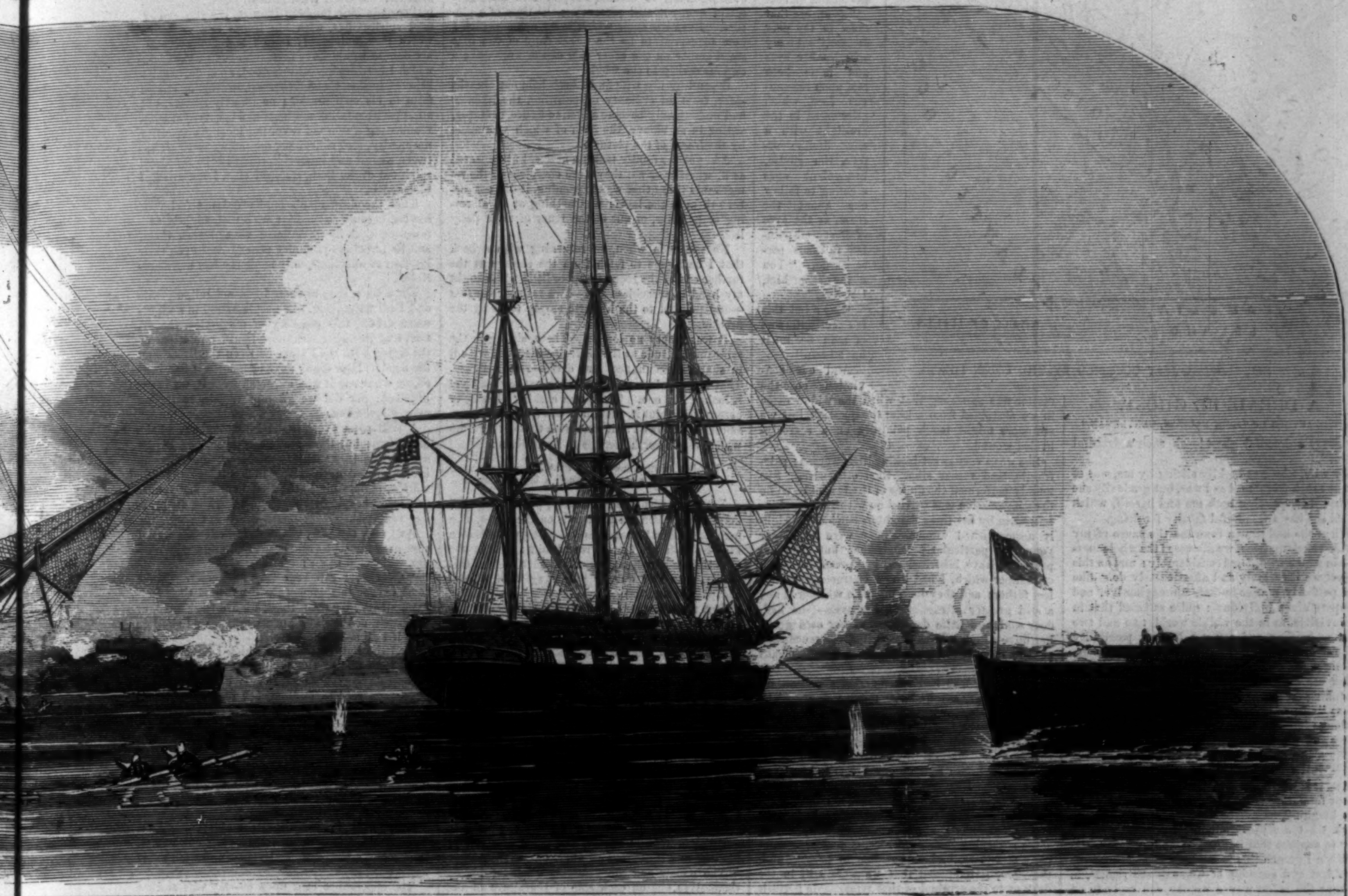
THE REBEL STEAMER "MERRIMAC" RUNNING DOWN

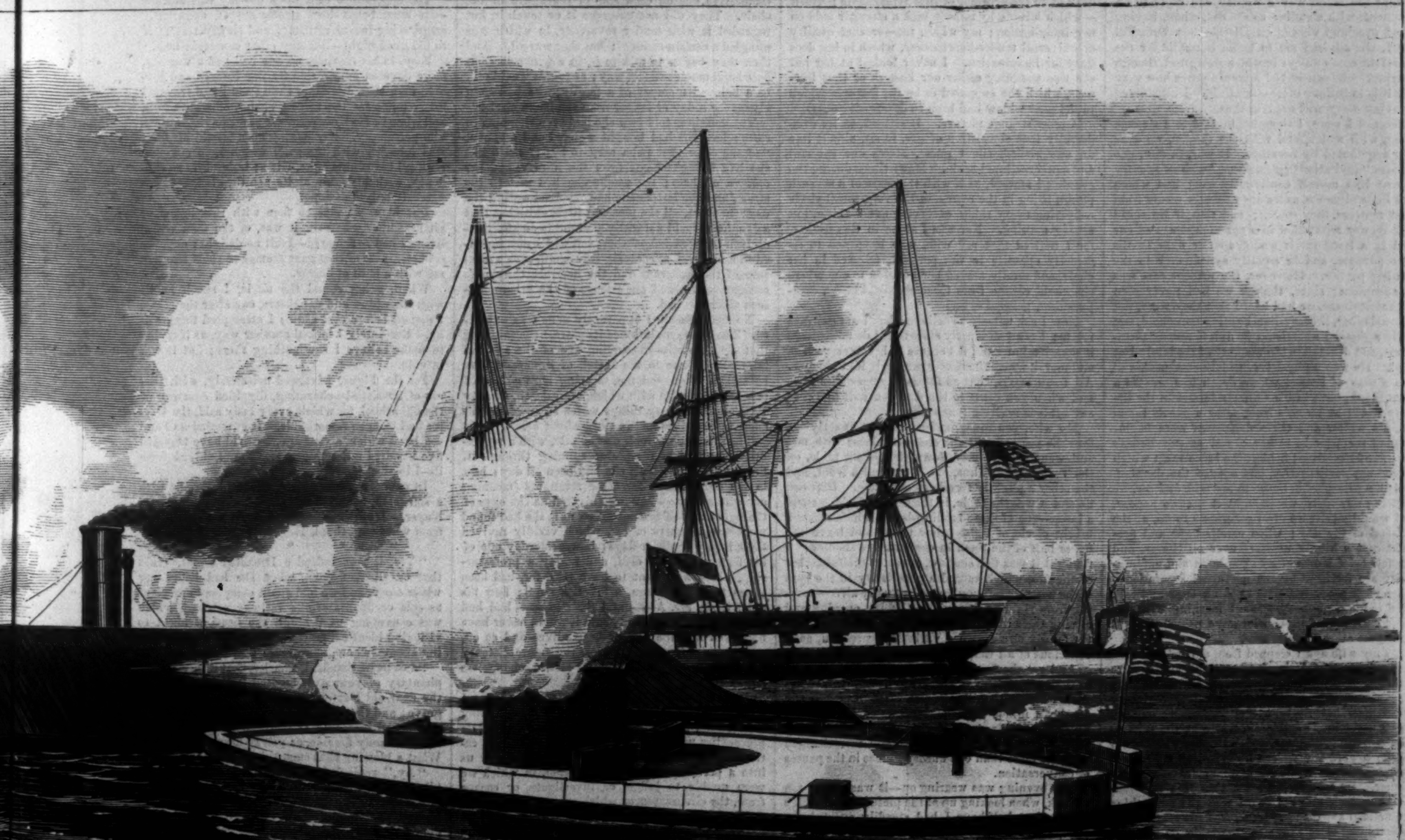




THE ERICSSON BATTERY "MONITOR" DRIV

WN THE FRIGATE "CUMBERLAND" OFF NEWPORT NEWS.





RIVING OFF THE "MERRIMAC."—[See Page 183.]

FERNANDINA, FLORIDA, JUST OCCUPIED BY THE UNION FORCES.

A DREADFUL GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"SUCH a dreadful ghost!—oh, such a dreadful ghost!"

My wife, who was luckily sitting by me, was at first as much frightened as I was, but gradually she succeeded in quieting both me and herself, which indeed she has a wonderful faculty for doing.

When she had drawn from me the cause of my terrified exclamations, we discussed the whole matter—in which we differed considerably; and on this subject we invariably and affectionately do. She is a perfectly matter-in-fact, unimaginative, and unsuperstitious individual: quite satisfied that in the invisible, as in the visible world, two and two must make four, and can not by any possibility make five. Only being, with all her gentleness, a little pig-headed, she does not see that one flaw in her otherwise very sensible argument, namely, the taking for granted that we finite creatures, who are so liable to error even in material things, can in things immaterial decide absolutely upon what is two and what is four.

> There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half your creeds.

And it is just possible that when the Devil tempted our forefather to eat of the tree of knowledge, he was laughing, as maybe he often laughs now, to think what a self-conceited fool a man must be ever to suppose that he *can* know every thing.

When I preach this to my helpmate—who is the humblest and sweetest of women—she replies, in perhaps the safest way a woman can reply to an argument, with a smile; as she did, when, having talked over and viewed on all sides my Dreadful Ghost, she advised me to make it public for the good of the community: in which we agreed, though differing. She considered it would prove how very silly it is to believe in ghosts at all. I considered—but my story will explain that.

She and I were, I thought, invited to a strange house, with which, and with the family, we were only acquainted by hearsay. It was, in fact, one of those "invitations on business," such as literary persons like myself continually get; and which give little pleasure, as we are perfectly aware from what motives they spring; and that if we could pack up our reputation in a portmanteau, and our head in a hat-box, it would answer exactly the same purpose, and be equally satisfactory to the inviting parties. However, the present case was an exception; since, though we had never seen our entertainers, we had heard that they were, not a show-loving, literary-lion-hunting household, but really a *family;* affectionately united among themselves, and devoted to the memory of the lately-lost head. He was a physician, widely esteemed, and also a man of letters, whose death had created a great blank, both in his own circle and in the literary world at large. Now, after a year's interval, his widow and three daughters were beginning to reappear in society; and at the British Association meeting, held at the large town which I need not particularize, had opened the doors of their long-hospitable house to my wife and me.

Being strangers, we thought it best to appear, as I would advise all stranger-guests to do, at the tail-end of the day; when candle-light and fire-light cast a kindly mystery over all things, and the few brief hours of awkwardness and unfamiliarity are followed by the nocturnal separation—when each party has time to think over and talk over the other—meeting next morning with the kindly feeling of those who have passed a night under the same friendly roof.

As my wife and I stepped from our cab the dull day was already closing into twilight, and the fire only half-illumined the room into which we were shown. It was an old-fashioned, rather gloomy apartment—half study, half sitting-room; one end being fitted up as a library, while at the other—pleasant thoughtfulness, which already warmed our hearts toward our unseen hosts!—was spread out that best of all meals for a weary traveler, a tea dinner. So hungry were we, that this welcome, well-supplied, elegant board was the only thing we noticed about the room, except one other thing, which hung close above the tea-table, on the paneled wall.

It was a large full-length portrait, very well painted; the sort of portrait of which one says at once, "What a good likeness that must be!" It had individuality, character—the soul of the man as well as his body; and as he sat in his chair, looking directly at you, in a simple, natural attitude, you felt what a beautiful soul this must have been: one that even at sixty years of age—for the portrait seemed thus old—would have shed a brightness over any home, and over any society where the person moved.

"I suppose that must be the poor Doctor," said my wife, as her eyes and mine both met upon the canvas face, which glimmered in the fire-light with a most lifelike aspect, the gentle, benevolent eyes seeming to follow one about the room, as the eyes of most well-painted full-face portraits do. "You never saw him, Charles?"

"No; but this is exactly the sort of man he must have been."

And our conviction on the matter was so strong that when the widow came in we abstained from asking the question, lest we strangers might touch painfully on a scarcely-healed wound.

She was a very sweet-looking little woman: pale, fragile, and rather silent than otherwise. She merely performed the duties of the tea-table, while the conversation was carried on with spirit and intelligence by her three daughters—evidently highly accomplished women. They were no longer young, or particularly handsome; but they appeared to have inherited the inexpressible charm of manner which, I had heard, characterized their lost father; and they had, my wife whispered me, a still greater attraction in her eyes—(she had, dear soul, two little daughters of her own growing up)—which was the exceeding deference they paid to their mother, who was not by any means so clever as themselves.

Perhaps I, who had not married a woman for her cleverness, admired the mother most. The Doctor's widow, with her large, soft, sorrowful eyes, where the tears seemed to have dried up, or been frozen up in a glassy quietness, was to me the best evidence of what an excellent man he must have been: how deeply beloved, how eternally mourned.

She never spoke of her husband, nor the daughters of their father. This silence—which some families consider it almost a religious duty to preserve regarding their dead—we, of course, as complete strangers, had no business to break; and, therefore, it happened that we were still in the dark as to the original of that remarkable portrait—which minute by minute took a stronger hold on my imagination; my wife's, too—or that quality of universal tender-heartedness, which in her does duty for imagination. I never looked at her but she was watching either our hostess or that likeness, which she supposed to be the features which to the poor widow had been so deservedly dear.

A most strange picture. It seemed, in its wonderfully true simulation of life, to sit, almost like an unobserved, silent guest, above our cheerful and conversational table. Many times during the evening I started, as if with the sense of a seventh person being in the room—in the very social circle—hearing every thing, observing every thing, but saying nothing. Nor was I alone in this feeling, for I noticed that my wife, who happened to sit directly opposite to the portrait, fidgeted in her chair, and finally moved her position to one where she could escape from those steady, kindly, ever-pursuing, painted eyes.

Now I ask nobody to believe what I am going to relate: I must distinctly state that I do not believe it myself: but I tell it because it involves an idea and moral, which the reader can apply if he chooses. All I can say is, that so far as it purports to go—and when you come to the end you will find that out—this is really a true story.

My wife, you must understand, sat exactly before the portrait, till she changed places with me, and went a little way down the oblong table, on the same side. Thus, one of us had a front, and the other a slightly foreshortened view. Between us and it was the table, in the centre of which stood a lamp—one of those reading-lamps which throw a bright circle of light below them, and leave the upper half of the room in comparative shadow. I thought it was this shadow, or some fanciful flicker of the fire, which caused a peculiarity in the eyes of the portrait. They seemed actually alive—moving from right to left in their orbits, opening and closing their lids, turning from one to the other of the family circle with a variable expression, as if conscious of all that was done or said.

And yet the family took no notice, but went on in their talk with us: choosing the common topics with which unfamiliar persons try to plumb one another's minds and characters: yet never once reverting to this peculiar phenomenon—which my wife, I saw, had also observed, and interchanged with me more than one uneasy glance in the pauses of conversation.

The evening was wearing on—it was nearly ten o'clock, when looking up at the picture, from which for the last half-hour I had steadily averted my gaze, I was startled by a still more marvelous fact concerning it.

Formerly the eyes alone had appeared alive: now the whole face was rounded. It grew up out of the flat canvas as if in bas-relief, or like one of those terribly painful casts after death—except that there was nothing painful or revolting here. As I have said, the face was a beautiful face—a noble face: such an one as, under any circumstances, you would have been attracted by. And it had the coloring and form of life—no corpse-like rigidity or marble whiteness. The gray hair seemed gradually to rise, lock by lock, out of the level surface—and the figure, clothed in ordinary modern evening-dress, to become shapely and natural—statuesque, yet still preserving the tints of a picture. Even the chair which it sat upon—which I now perceived to be the exact copy of one that stood empty on the other side of the fire—gave a curious reality to the whole.

By-and-by my wife and I both held our breaths—for, from an ordinary oil-painting, the likeness had undoubtedly become a lifelike figure, or statue, sitting in an alcove, the form of which was made by the frame of the picture.

And yet the family took no notice, but appeared as if, whether or not they were conscious of the remarkable thing that was happening, it did not disturb them in the least: was nothing at all alarming or peculiar, or out of the tenor of their daily life.

No, not even when, on returning with a book that I had gone to fetch from the shelves at the further end of the room, my poor little wife caught my hand in speechless awe—awe rather than fear—and pointed to the hitherto empty chair by the fireside.

It was empty no longer. There, sitting in the self-same attitude as the portrait—identical with it in shape, countenance, and dress—was a figure. That it was a human figure I dare not say, and yet it looked like one. There was nothing ghastly or corpse-like about it, though it was motionless, passionless: endowed as it were with that divine calm which Wordsworth ascribes to Protesilaus:

> Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
> Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

Yet there was an air tenderly, pathetically human in the folding of the hands on the knees, as a man does when he comes and sits down by his own fireside, with his family round him: and in the eyes that followed, one after the other, each of this family, who now quietly put away their several occupations and rose.

But none of them showed any terror—not the slightest. The presence at the hearth was evidently quite familiar—awaking no shudder of repulsion, no outburst of renewed grief. The eldest daughter said—in a tone as natural as if she were merely apologizing to us heterodox or indifferent strangers for some domestic ceremonial, some peculiar form of family prayer, for instance,

"I am sure our guests will excuse us if we continue, just as if we were alone, our usual evening duties. Which of us is to speak to papa to-night?"

It was *him* then: summoned back, how or why, or in what form, corporeal or incorporeal, I knew not, and they gave no explanation. They evidently thought none was needed; that the whole proceeding was as natural as a man coming home at evening to his own hearth, and being received by his wife and children with affectionate familiarity.

The widow and the youngest daughter placed themselves one on each side of the figure in the chair. They did not embrace it or touch it, but regarded it with tender reverence, in which was mingled a certain sadness; but that was all. And then they began to talk to it, in a perfectly composed and matter-of-fact way; as people would talk to a beloved member of a family, who had been absent for a day or longer from the home circle.

The daughter told how she had been shopping in town; how she had bought a shawl and a bonnet "of the color that papa used to like;" the books she had brought home from the library, and her opinion of them; the people she had met in the street, and the letters she had received during the day: in short, all the pleasant little chit-chat that a daughter would naturally pour out to an affectionately-interested *living* father; but which now sounded so unnatural, so contemptibly small, such a mixture of the ludicrous and the horrible, that one's common sense, and one's sense of the solemn unseen alike recoiled.

No answer came: apparently none was expected. The figure maintained its place, never altering that gentle smile—reminding one of the spectral Samuel's rebuke to the Witch of Endor—"Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" or of that superior calm with which, after death, we may view all these petty things which so perplexed us once, in ourselves and in those about us.

Then the widow took up the tale, with a regretful under-tone of complaint running through it. She told him how dull she had been all day; how in the preparations for these strangers (meaning my wife and me—how we shivered as the eyes of the figure moved and rested on us!) she had found various old letters of his, which vividly revived their happy wedlock days; how yesterday one of his former patients died, and to-day a professorship, which he meant to have tried for, had been given to a gentleman, a favorite pupil; how his old friends, Mr. A—— and Sir B. C—— had had a quarrel, and every body said it would never have happened had the Doctor been alive—and so on, and so on. To all of which the figure listened with its immovable silence; its settled, changeless smile.

My wife and I uttered not a word. We sat apart, spell-bound, fascinated, neither attempting to interfere, nor question, nor rebuke. The whole proceeding was so entirely beyond the pale of rational cause and effect that it seemed to throw us into a perfectly abnormal condition, in which we were unable to judge, or investigate, or escape from, the circumstances which surrounded us.

We know nothing—absolutely nothing—except the very little that Revelation hints at, rather than directly teaches, of the world beyond the grave. But any one of us who has ever seen a fellow-creature die, has watched the exact instant when the awful change takes place which converts the body with a soul to the corpse without a soul, must feel certain—convinced by an intuition which is stronger than all reasoning—that if the life beyond, to which that soul departs, be any thing, or worth any thing, it must be a very different life from this, with nobler aspirations, higher duties, purer affections. The common phrase breathed over so many a peaceful dead face, "I would not bring him back again if I could," has a significance, instructive as true; truer than all misty, philosophical speculations, tenderer than all the vagaries of fond spiritualists, with big hearts and no heads worth mentioning. If ever I had doubted this, my doubts would have been removed by the sight which I here depict—of this good, amiable, deeply-beloved husband and father—returning in visible form to his own fireside; no ghastly spectre, but an apparition full of mildness and beauty, yet communicating a sense of revolting incongruity, utter unsanctity, and ridiculous, degrading contrast between mortal and immortal, spirit in the flesh, and spirit out of the flesh, stronger than I can attempt to describe.

That the dead man's family did not feel this, having become so familiar with their nightly necromancy that its ghastliness never struck them, and its ludicrous profanity never jarred upon their intellect or affections, only made the fact more horrible.

For a time, long or short I can not tell, my wife and I sat witnessing, like people bound in a nightmare dream, this mockery of mockeries, the attempt at restoring the sweet familiar relations of the living with the living, between the living and the dead. How many days or months it had lasted, or what result was expected from it, we never inquired; nor did we attempt to join in it: we merely looked on.

"Will papa ever speak?" intreated one of the daughters; but there was no reply. The Figure sat passive in its chair—unable or unwilling to break the silent barrier which divides the two worlds, maintaining still that benign and tender smile, but keeping its mystery unbroken, its problem unsolved.

And now my wife, whose dear little face was, I saw, growing white and convulsed minute by minute, whispered to me:

"Charles, I can bear this no longer. Make some excuse to them—we will not hurt their feelings. Don't let them think we are frightened, or disgusted, or the like; but we must go—I shall go mad if I do not."

And the half-insane look which I have seen in more than one of the pseudo-spiritualists of the present day—people who, twenty years ago, would have been sent to Bedlam, but now are only set down as "rather peculiar"—rose in those dear, soft, sensible eyes, which have warmed and calmed my restless heart and unquiet brain for more than fifteen years.

I took advantage of the next pause in the "communications," or whatever the family called them, to suggest that my wife and I were very weary, and anxious to retire to rest.

"Certainly," politely said the eldest daughter. "Papa, Mr. and Mrs. ——," naming our names, "have had a long railway journey, and wish to bid us all good-night."

The appearance bent upon us—my wife and me—its most benevolent, gentle aspect, apparently acquiescing in our retiring; and slowly rose as if to bid good-night—like any other courteous host.

Now, in his lifetime, no one had had a warmer, more devoted admiration for this learned and lovable man than I. More than once I had traveled many miles for the merest chance of seeing him, and when he died, my regret at never having known him personally, never having even beheld his face, was mingled with the grief which I, in common with all his compatriots, felt at losing him so suddenly, with his fame at its zenith, his labors apparently only half done.

But here, set face to face with this image or phantasm, or whatever it was, of the man whom living I had so honored—I felt no delight; nay, the cold clearness of that gaze seemed to shoot through me with a chill of horror.

When, going round the circle, I shook hands with the widow and daughters, one after the other, I paused before *that chair;* I attempted to pass it by. Resolutely I looked another way, as if trying to make believe I saw nothing there; but it was in vain.

For the Figure advanced noiselessly, with that air of irresistibly-charming, dignified courtesy of the old school, for which, every body said, the Doctor had been so remarkable. It extended its hand—a hand which, a year ago, I would have traveled five hundred miles to grasp. Now I shrank from it—I loathed it.

In vain. It came nearer. It touched mine with a soft, cold, unearthly touch. I could endure no longer. I shrieked out; and my wife woke me from what was, thank Heaven, only a dream.

* * * * * *

"Yes, it was indeed a Dreadful Ghost," said that excellent woman, when she had heard my whole story, and we had again composed ourselves as sole occupants of the railway carriage which was conveying us through the dead of night to visit that identical family whom I had been dreaming about—whom, as stated, we had never seen.

"Let us be thankful, Charles, that it was a mere phantasy of your over-excited imagination—that the dear old Doctor sleeps peacefully in his quiet grave; and that his affectionate family have never summoned him, soul or body, to sit of nights by their uncanny fireside, as you so horribly describe. What a blessing that such things can not be!"

"Ay," replied I—"though, as Imlac says in 'Rasselas,' 'that the dead can not return, I will not undertake to prove,' still, I think it in the highest degree improbable. Their work here is done; they are translated to a higher sphere of being; they may still see us, love us, watch over us; but they belong to us no more. Mary, when I leave you, remember I don't wish ever to be brought back again; to come rapping on tables and knocking about chairs; delivering ridiculous messages to deluded inquirers, and altogether comporting myself in a manner that proves, great fool as I may have been in the body, I must be a still greater fool out of it."

"And, Charles," said the little woman, creeping

up to me with tears in her eyes, "if I must lose you—dearly as I love you—I would rather bury you under the daisies and in my heart; bury you, and never see you again till we meet in the world to come, than I would have you revisiting your old fireside after the fashion of this Dreadful Ghost."

MOTHER, CAN I GO?

A CONNECTICUT lad, employed in this city, wrote home for his mother's permission to enlist. He is now with the Burnside Expedition:

I am writing to you, mother, knowing well what you will say,
When you read with tearful fondness all I write to you to-day;
Knowing well the flame of ardor on a loyal mother's part,
That will kindle with each impulse, with each throbbing of your heart.
I have heard my country calling for her sons that still are true;
I have loved that country, mother, only next to God and you;
And my soul is springing forward to resist her bitter foe:
Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, can I go?

From the battered walls of Sumter, from the wild waves of the sea,
I have heard her cry for succor, as the voice of God to me;
In prosperity I loved her—in her days of dark distress,
With your spirit in me, mother, could I love that country less?
They have pierced her heart with treason, they have caused her sons to bleed,
They have robbed her in her kindness, they have triumphed in her need;
They have trampled on her standard, and she calls me in her woe:
Can I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, can I go?

I am young and slender, mother—they would call me yet a boy,
But I know the land I live in, and the blessings I enjoy;
I am old enough, my mother, to be loyal, proud, and true
To the faithful sense of duty I have ever learned from you.
We must conquer this rebellion: let the doubting heart be still;
We must conquer it, or perish. We must conquer, and we will!
But the faithful must not falter, and shall I be wanting?—No!
Bid me go, my dearest mother! tell me, mother, can I go?

He who led His chosen people, in their effort to be free
From the tyranny of Egypt, will be merciful to me;
Will protect me by His power whatsoe'er I undertake;
Will return me home in safety, dearest mother, for your sake.
Or should this my bleeding country need a victim such as me,
I am nothing more than others who have perished to be free.
On her bosom let me slumber, on her altar let me lie;
I am not afraid, my mother, in so good a cause to die.

There will come a day of gladness, when the people of the Lord
Shall look proudly on their banner, which His mercy has restored;
When the stars in perfect number, on their azure field of blue,
Shall be-clustered in a Union, then and ever firm and true.
I may live to see it, mother, when the patriot's work is done,
And your heart, so full of kindness, will beat proudly for your son;
Or through tears your eyes may see it with a sadly thoughtful view,
And may love it still more dearly for the cost it won from you.

I have written to you, mother, with a consciousness of right—
I am thinking of you fondly, with a loyal heart to-night;
When I have your noble bidding, which shall tell me to press on,
I will come and see you, mother—come and kiss you, and be gone.
In the sacred name of Freedom, and my Country as her due—
In the name of Law and Justice, I have written this to you.
I am eager, anxious, longing to resist my country's foe:
Shall I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, shall I go?

February, 1862.

IN A WATER STREET DANCE-HOUSE.

WELL, I never thought they'd done it, Sir, and I say it was a —— shame! There's a many big bugs and rich, respectable folks engaged in it in New York—folks as keep their own kerridges and have pews at fash'nable churches, and go to waterin'-places, and spend their money free as air—why, they'd ha' raised a million o' dollars to ha' saved the Captain—*two* million, by ——! you may bet your life they would! And yet he *was* hung arter all!

Do I think the slave-trade right, then? Well no; not exactly. It's a bad business—most as bad as bein' a pirate—but then they're only niggers. A white man's a white man, and a nigger's a nigger, there's no gettin' over *that*. You ain't no abolitionist, are you, Sir? I never know'd a sailor as was.

Ye see a seaman's life is the hardest out; Jack gets monkey's allowance, more kicks than ha'pence, all the world over. And it pays better than any thin' goin'. Why, Sir, make one good run in three and you've done first-rate for owners, skipper, and crew, and nary expense but fittin' out and layin' in rum or muskets as truck for your cargo. So it's a great temptation. I never know'd a 'Merican as *liked* it exactly, but I've know'd a many as has ben in it. Spaniards mostly thinks nothin' on it; them fellers has no sort o' conscience or humanity.

Maybe I've seen a little of it myself? That's tellin's! Perhaps I have and perhaps I han't; you don't catch this child goin' back on hisself, nohow! *You only inquired out o' curiosity?* Well, I suppose so. I guess you ain't the sort as gen'ally comes to such places as this, except on a spree to see the ward. Not much of a show here to-night, times is bad for the landlords. You should go to the "Flag" some evenin' when a hull crew's ben paid off—see 'em raise —— there sometimes.

Well, I don't mind! your health, Sir. I've drunk worse rum and better. So you writes stories for the magazines and newspapers? I guess I *could* tell you a thing or two as you might work up into somethin'—about what we was a talkin' on, too. *Why won't I?* Well, most folks is pretty shy of ownin' up to knowing much about the Ebony Trade, though I don't see how it could hurt a poor devil of a common sailor like me, as nobody expects to have any kind of a character or kear for one. We lives hard, works hard, and dies hard, and can't be expected to be very particular. I warn't to blame for what I done either. So here goes. Put up that pencil; I don't like the notion of having my words took down; *that* kinder knocks me. I guess you'll remember well enough.

It's about six or seven year ago—I don't recollect time good—when I came ashore arter a two-year whalin' cruise in the Pacific Ocean, and, like a fool, went on a big spree and spent every durned red cent I had in the world. It ended in my gettin' *shanghaied* and put aboard a slaver. *What's shanghaying?* Why, Lord love you! don't you know *that?* and you writes for the newspapers! It's crimping a man when he's dead-drunk or hocussed with laudanum. The landlord draws his first month's pay in advance, o' course, for bringing a hand aboard, and the first thing poor Jack knows about it is when he's roused by the mate or skipper with the bight of a rope's end, or a marlin-spike, or hit over the head with a ring-bolt, or any thing that comes handy. I've seen men so knocked about, Sir—in this yere port of New York, too—that they've jumped overboard—five or six of 'em, one arter t'other—and swum ashore or not, as may be. That's often the meanin' of bodies bein' found about the piers, as you reads on in the newspapers.

However, when I came to I were all right, and so, mainly, were half a dozen others as had had the same luck. Some sulked and give slack, others turned to and made the best of it, all of us being pretty much cleaned out and obliged to ship somewheres. We mustered about twenty hands strong; Yankees, Irish, English, Dutch, Spaniards, and one lubberly Portygee—there was more Dutch and Irish than any thing else. Things looked uncommon ship-shape aboard, and we were told we was bound to Africa to trade with the niggers for palm-oil.

Our ship was just as pretty a clipper-built one as was ever turned out of a New York dock-yard; most new, I guess, and in first-rate order, from stem to starn. She were low-lying and rakish, with one of them infernal, high, spear-looking bows; square-rigged on the fore and main mast; fore and aft on the 'mizen, bark fashion, you know. She could spank along under a ten-knot breeze with most any thing afloat. Her Captain—well, never mind about him!—he was a 'Merican and a good seaman; that's all I kear to tell just now.

Our real business soon got whispered about before the mast; as for me I suspicioned it from the first, from the many water-casks on deck and the stores of rice and physic aboard. The mates, too—both of 'em was Cubans, and one, the hardest-hearted, most piratical-looking villain onhung, I do believe, laughed and talked kinder curious-like with some of the hands—them as had shipped knowing what we was. So, when the Captain had us all forrad on the third day out, and made a bit of a speech, letting us into the secret and promisin' us a dollar a head on every nigger landed safe in Cuba—much o' that as it turned out!—it didn't surprise us any. Some liked the notion of makin' a big pile easy—some didn't care—and all concluded to go—'specially as they couldn't do any thing else.

We made a fairish run to the African coast, twenty days in all, agreein' pretty well among ourselves, though there was a knife or two drawn, and the first mate turned out a devil incarnate. It was a word and a blow with him allus, and the blow first often. He'd hit a man for any thing—spiteful, too. As to swearin' and abuse, well I guess I can pay out pretty free when I'm mad, and I've sailed under them as could cuss some, but that feller beat all. What with his Spanish, and his French, and his furrin' English, and the nigger-jabber he'd picked up on the coast, he'd swear the hair of your head right on end in no time; it 'most made your flesh creep to hear him. If that —— had had his way, he'd ha' made a hell afloat of it for us; but the Cap'n was different, and we thought better of him. You'll hear what *he* done though before I come to the end of the story.

He was a good seaman, I said, and worked the ship handsome, right to the mouth of the Congo River, the best place to get what we wanted, for the niggers inland there are allus at war with one another—they do say on purpose to get prisoners to sell to the traders. They has barracoons at convenient places, and the word is passed mighty quick up country for 'em to tote along the coffles, when the right kind o' vessel comes up the river. It's big and broad and deep enough, and most allus fair weather in that latitude; so one can go up a good ways. We hadn't ben there three days 'fore the Captain had bargained for a full cargo of prime hands—a thousand men, women, and children. He paid for 'em in rum and muskets and gunpowder.

The gettin' of 'em aboard and stowin' 'em between decks—we had two decks, with jest sitting-room between 'em—was done in double-quick time arter they had been passed as sound and likely and branded. It didn't take an hour in all. The Cap'n stood ready as they came over the side, and he'd just shove 'em along like so many sheep arter rippin' off the bits o' rag some on 'em wore around their middles and heavin' 'em overboard. The night afore there was a great feast in which the chiefs and all consarned, 'cept us white men, got as drunk as so many devils. All bein' ready we up anchor and away for Cuba.

Our Captain had laid his plans smart, and knew the ropes with any body on the coast. It's the custom for ships of the squadron—the African squadron I mean, which is allus on the look-out for slavers—to take each a port and kinder blockade it, movin' on from one to another at regular dates, accordin' to the orders of the Commodore on the station. We'd slipped in safe enough, knowin' our time, and had calculated to get out just the same. We done it too, though we run a right smart chance of being nabbed by a blamed Yankee skipper, as you'll hear more on in good time. I'll tell you how *that* happened, as I larnt it arterward aboard that very steamer.

He was the only Northern captain on the station, and the others—all Southerners—had sorter sent him to Coventry for a scrub as really meant business, and wouldn't make things pleasant for a consideration. (They have a fellow-feeling, you know, for they owns niggers themselves when they're to home, and buys and sells 'em too.) So he got mad and determined to play 'possum. He had ben ordered away from the Congo River to a station thirty miles to the nor'ard jest afore we arrived, as our Captain knew well enough—I ain't going to say who told him. There he pertends to damage his machinery, lies to for three days, and then comes right back expectin' to fetch us, and making sure of a prize.

We knew nothin' of all this, then; but as luck would have it, we seen the smoke of his funnel at daybreak, when we was well under way, with a fair wind astarn. Our Captain always kept the brightest of look-outs; *he* warn't goin' to risk nothin' I tell you, so he crowds all sail and gives the stranger a wide berth. She followed, I believe, but we showed her a clean pair of heels that time, and by eight bells we'd lost all sight of her. So there was an end of danger for the present. It would ha' ben better, arter all, if we had ha' ben captured by her then and there, as you'll soon hear.

Of course the niggers was all sea-sick as soon as we got out into blue water, and a dreadful moanin' and groanin' and jabberin' the poor ignorant savages made. You could hear it right through the main deck and up in the shrouds, even when a heavy sea was on, and above the roarin' of the wind. We'd fixed 'em in the regular way, stark naked, in a sittin' position, jammed into one another's laps, so's they could hardly move any thing but their heads, for with such a crowd there warn't an inch of room to spare, and the cries and groans and smell was horrid. When I turned in that night—it were pretty rough and pitch dark, with now and then a streak o' lightning and a growl o' thunder to the sou'west—if I didn't dream I was in hell among the devils and damned people I'm a Dutchman!

It blew hard all the next day, and the next to that, so we couldn't tend to 'em much, or have any of 'em up on deck. Once the sea broke over us, and we had to fasten down the hatches. You may fancy what it was like 'tween decks then! When the gale had overblown itself and we went below—nobody liked *that* job, and one man turned sick and fainted dead away with the smell—there was forty odd corpses to be chucked overboard. The bad air, the rollin' and crowdin', and chokin' and smotherin', and want of water, had killed 'em. They was mostly women and children.

The Captain cursed some at the loss, which, however, made a leetle more room for the rest of the mis'able devils. We hauled 'em on deck in squads—some on 'em was so cramped and stiff they couldn't move—pumped on 'em, and set 'em in the sun to dry, and sarved 'em out an allowance of boiled rice and water. Thunder! you should ha' seen them niggers drink! the eatin was bad enough, boltin' the grub like starvin' wolves, but the drinkin' was awful. They actually fit and struggled over the first bucketsful so that every drop of the water was spilled, and then lapped it up off the deck like dogs! If the mates hadn't used handspikes pretty free we couldn't ha' got 'em to behave human, nohows.

Well, we did what we could for 'em in cleanin' and physickin', and sent 'em below again. Always in fair weather they was had up, by turns, on deck, and never put in irons except when mutinous. The decks too, below, was swabbed out once, and sprinkled with somethin' o' lime—I misremember the name—to prevent sickness. I mention this because folks generally thinks as slavers hasn't got any humanity. If it warn't agin the law the darkeys wouldn't have to be crowded up so, by fetchin' so many; that's what makes it onpleasant.

There was one thing, however, as that first-mate did as was downright cruel. Ye see the bigger and stronger ones got to fightin' and strugglin' for more room, as was but natural, sittin' jammed up in a heap like that. In consequence the weaker crowd, the women and picaninnies, suffered. So, to make 'em all lie quiet, he jest goes below with a case of tacks—little nails, you know—and sprinkles 'em loose among the darkeys. The more they stirred arter that the more the tacks run into their naked bodies, and though it hurt bad it didn't damage the niggers' value. An old hand aboard told me this was the regular thing; before it was thought on they used to be at no end of expense for irons.

Was you ever at sea, Sir? Because, if so, you'll know that if there's one thing a sailor hates worse than another it's a calm. It's worse than a storm by a long sight. To have the sails a flappin', the ropes a frayin', every thin' creakin' and crackin' and wearin' itself out for nothin'—the blue water all around as smooth as a pond—nothin' to do and makin' no way—why, it's enough to set a saint swearin' at his grandmother! Well, jest suppose a three-days' calm in the tropics, the sun pitch-hot overhead, and us with nigh a thousand niggers on board!

I tell you it was awful; hardly a breath of air stirring on deck, and jest like the black hole of Calcutta below. The poor devils there sweltered, and sizzled, and briled, and moaned, and yelled by turns and altogether, as if they'd knowed of the sharks as was a-swimmin' alongside a-waitin' for 'em. They say the durned varmints will nose out a slaver and follow her anywheres, on the look-out for corpses, and I believe it, for, sartain, two stuck pretty close to us from the third day out. They weren't mistaken either. A fever broke out among the niggers, and they began to die off like rotten sheep; we had to throw nigh two hundred overboard in three days. That, with the ones as had gone before, made a loss of a fourth of the cargo, and put our skipper in an ugly temper. One of the hands took the fever and died, too, spite of the Captain's doctorin'. I was by his bunk when he slipped his wind, and I wouldn't like to tell what he said about the slave-trade *then*—it warn't complimentary, you may bet your life of that. We all began to think luck was agin us in that v'yage, and so it proved. The only man as didn't seem to care was the first mate; *he* feared neither God or devil. He cursed and swore ten times worse than ever, and knocked the niggers around jest as if it was *their* fault, poor devils! for havin' the fever and dyin'.

We were seven days out, standing to the sou'-west with all sails set, a fairish wind and hazy weather, when we spied a vessel astarn of us, nearer than our Captain liked. At first we thought little of it, supposin' her to be bound for the West Indies, for the cruisers of the squadron seldom troubles you when you've got clear of the coast fifty or a hundred miles or so: all you have to look out for then is inquisitive Yankee captains; you can laugh at the Britishers by hoisting the 'Merican flag, when they hain't no right to search you, though they does it sometimes—their impudence! But presently this feller comes nigher yet, and seems to be followin' of us. Soon there's no doubt about it, and the Captain makes her out to be a steamer with the stars and stripes flying. So he tries to get off by virtue of wind and canvas, and there's as pretty a chase as ever you'd wish to see for over two hours. Slavers don't fight, you know; they allus runs, and is afeard of nothin' but steamers.

This one gained on us at such a rate that we should have gi'n in, on'y the haze thickened a bit and we thought we might dodge in the fog. Instead of that it cleared up some and the wind begun to slacken; so the Captain, arter consultin' with the first mate, resolved to lighten the cargo. About fifty of the niggers was fetched on deck, by twos and threes, each on 'em was lashed to a spar or plank and sent adrift. We done this—I can't say as I liked the business—in part to get rid on 'em, part in the hopes as the steamer would put out boats to pick 'em up, and so be hindered and give us time to sheer off. If we'd got free we might ha' cruised round a spell arterwards lookin' for 'em. When I see the poor black wretches floatin' off in the mist and heard the yells of two as the sharks got, I thought it was about as bad as could be, but I soon larnt different. The steamer came right on arter us, stayin' for nothin', so the Captain determined to drown every nigger on board, that they mightn't be evidence agin' him.

He had cut our heaviest chain-cable, tied a hundred and sixty of 'em to it, and then run it overboard! I shall never forget that, Sir. Some cried and jabbered in their gibberish for mercy, some howled, some was kinder stupefied and didn't know what was goin' to be done to 'em, and some fought with fists and teeth, like wild beasts. The first mate—I warn't sorry to see it—nearly had his thumb bit off by one of 'em. When they went over the side they set up the awfullest screech you ever heard tell on in all your born days—a sort of dreadful yell as went right through your head and frightened you. It was horrid—horrid; I seen men turn white as death when they heard it. The niggers went right plump down to the bottom, a great streak of bubbles rising up arter them.

The Captain would have served the rest the same way, but the hands had had enough of it and stood right stock-still—almost mutinying in spite of his orders and the first mate's cursing. I believe both on 'em would have come to mischief if they'd touched any body. We knew that the game was pretty well played out any way, for the steamer was a-gainin' on us fast. In less than twenty minutes she fired a gun across our bows to bring us to, and sent a boat alongside to take possession of us as a prize. And then—what do you think? if she didn't turn out to be the same durned sloop as we'd given the go-by to off the Congo River, I'm—! Her skipper had got sartain news of us, and was bound to capture us if he had to run all the way to Cuba for it.

Well, he put a prize crew aboard under command of a lieutenant and midshipman, took us in place of his own hands, and sent the niggers to Monrovia to be set free by the Government agent there. Until our Captain showed 'em, the officers didn't know how to stow or to feed the niggers, and, do what they could, three hundred more died of the fever afore they sighted land—they was so sick. Hardly a hundred of 'em lived to see Africa agin; and I hearn tell as they had sores all over 'em and could hardly stand up from weakness.

We was headed for New York, and pretty well treated, as common sailors who had shipped without any partic'lar knowledge of the craft, or ben put aboard in the way I telled you of at the beginnin' of the story. Some thought we'd get a month or two in prison, others not; and they was right, as luck would have it, for they done nothin' to us, 'cept landin' us without a red cent of pay. The Captain and mates warn't afraid, bless you! *they* had plenty of friends, and we wasn't then under a —— Black Republican Government. And so it happened. They was tried once or twice and let off, and I see the Captain, with my own eyes, six months arter, ridin' up Broadway in a carriage, with a handsome lady, jest as grand as you please.

You'd like to know who he was, Sir? Dare say! Well, *they hung a man jest about his size at the Tombs last Friday.*

THE REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

ON page 180 we publish a series of views, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud, illustrating the REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC which have just been taken by our troops. For several months the Potomac has been blockaded by these batteries, and they have annoyed vessels going up to Washington very seriously. On 9th the rebels began to fire their tents at Cockpit Point; they burned the *Page*, and retired. At the same time the batteries lower down the river were likewise evacuated, and General Hooker occupied them, seizing a number of valuable guns.

INTERIOR OF FORT DONELSON.

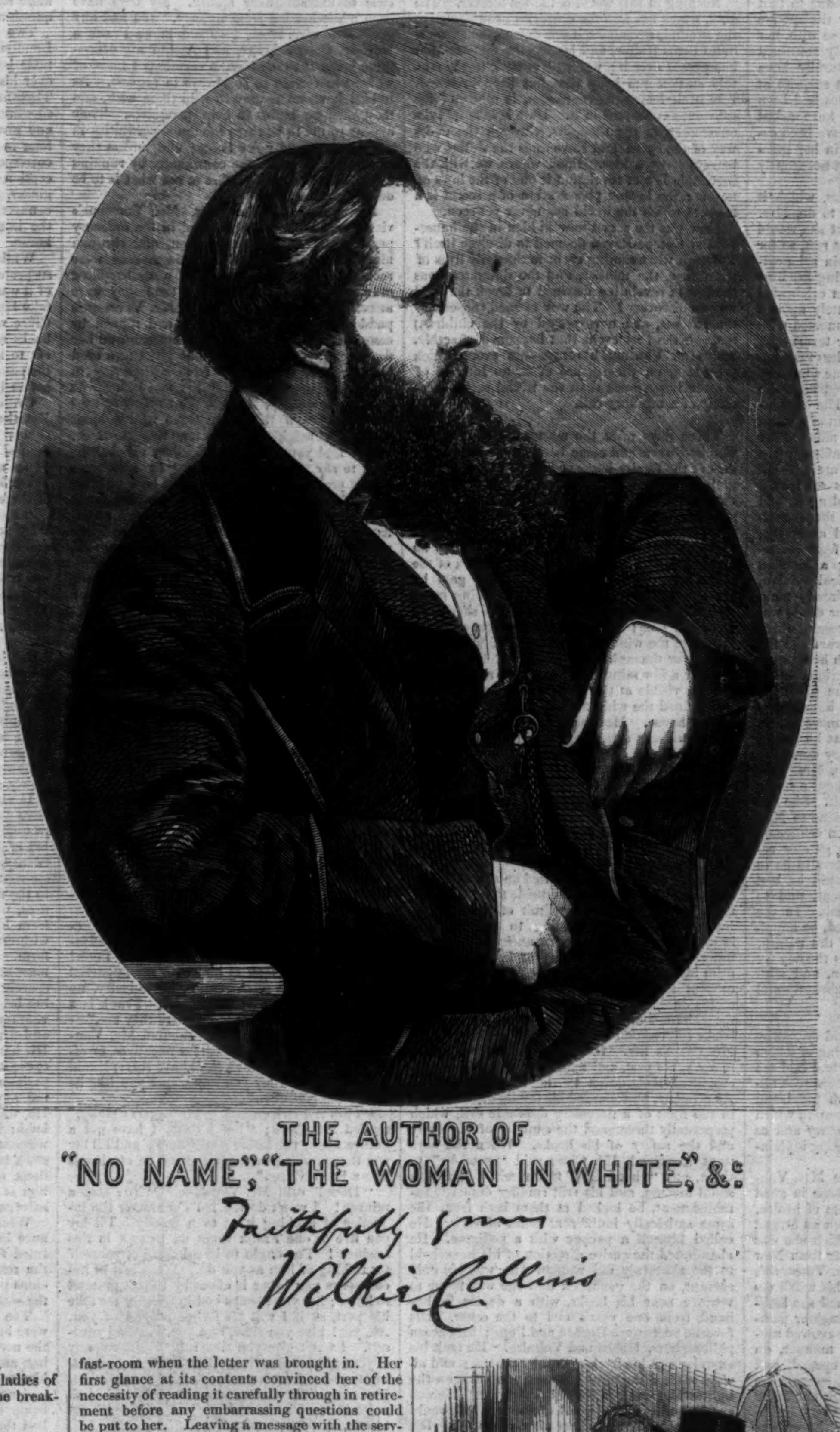
INTERIOR OF THE LOWER WATER BATTERY AT FORT DONELSON.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 183.]

WILKIE COLLINS, ESQ.

IN connection with the commencement of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS's new Tale, "NO NAME," we publish herewith a portrait of this distinguished man.

WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS was born in London in 1824. His father was a painter, who went to Italy shortly after his son's birth, and remained there till the latter had reached manhood. Mr. Wilkie Collins's first work, "ANTONINA," which was published in 1850, revealed his remarkable genius; but the subject was ill chosen, and the book did not meet with great success. His later Novels, and especially the "WOMAN IN WHITE," published in *Harper's Weekly*, have placed him in the first rank of contemporaneous Novel writers.

Mr. Collins is allied to the family of Mr. Charles Dickens.



THE AUTHOR OF "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," &c.

Faithfully yours
Wilkie Collins

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF THE "WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER III.

WHEN she returned to the house, Miss Garth made no attempt to conceal her unfavorable opinion of the stranger in black. His object was, no doubt, to obtain pecuniary assistance from Mrs. Vanstone. What the nature of his claim on her might be seemed less intelligible—unless it was the claim of a poor relation. Had Mrs. Vanstone ever mentioned, in the presence of her daughters, the name of Captain Wragge? Neither of them recollected to have heard it before. Had Mrs. Vanstone ever referred to any poor relations who were dependent on her? On the contrary, she had mentioned of late years that she doubted having any relations at all who were still living. And yet Captain Wragge had plainly declared that the name on his card would recall "a family matter" to Mrs. Vanstone's memory. What did it mean? A false statement, on the stranger's part, without any intelligible reason for making it? Or a second mystery, following close on the heels of the mysterious journey to London?

All the probabilities seemed to point to some hidden connection between the "family affairs" which had taken Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone so suddenly from home, and the "family matter" associated with the name of Captain Wragge. Miss Garth's doubts of the day before thronged back on her mind as she sealed her letter to Mrs. Vanstone, with the captain's card added by way of inclosure.

By return of post the answer arrived.

Always the earliest riser among the ladies of the house, Miss Garth was alone in the breakfast-room when the letter was brought in. Her first glance at its contents convinced her of the necessity of reading it carefully through in retirement before any embarrassing questions could be put to her. Leaving a message with the servant requesting Norah to make the tea that morning, she went up stairs at once to the solitude and security of her own room.

Mrs. Vanstone's letter extended to some length. The first part of it referred to Captain Wragge, and entered unreservedly into all necessary explanations relating to the man himself and to the motive which had brought him to Combe-Raven.

It appeared from Mrs. Vanstone's statement that her mother had been twice married. Her mother's first husband had been a certain Doctor Wragge—a widower with young children; and one of those children was now the unmilitary-looking captain, whose address was "Post-office, Bristol." Mrs. Wragge had left no family by her first husband; and had afterward married Mrs. Vanstone's father. Of that second marriage Mrs. Vanstone herself was the only issue. She had lost both her parents while she was still a young woman; and, in course of years, her mother's family connections (who were then her nearest surviving relatives) had been one after another removed by death. She was left, at the present writing, without a relation in the world—excepting perhaps certain cousins whom she had never seen, and of whose existence even, at the present moment, she possessed no positive knowledge.

Under these circumstances, what family claim had Captain Wragge on Mrs. Vanstone?

None whatever. As the son of her mother's first husband, by that husband's first wife, not even the widest stretch of courtesy could have included him at any time in the list of Mrs. Vanstone's most distant relations. Well knowing this (the letter proceeded to say), he had nevertheless persisted in forcing himself upon her as a species of family connection; and she had weakly sanctioned the intrusion, solely from the dread that he would otherwise introduce himself to Mr. Vanstone's notice, and take unblushing advantage of Mr. Vanstone's generosity. Shrinking, naturally, from allowing her husband to be annoyed, and probably cheated as well, by any person who claimed, however preposterously, a family connection with herself, it had been her practice, for many years past, to assist the captain from her own purse, on the condition that he should never come near the house, and that he should not presume to make any application whatever to Mr. Vanstone.

Readily admitting the imprudence of this course, Mrs. Vanstone further explained that she had perhaps been the more inclined to adopt it, through having been always accustomed, in her early days, to see the captain living now upon one member and now upon another of her mother's family. Possessed of abilities which might have raised him to distinction in almost any career that he could have chosen, he had nevertheless, from his youth upward, been a disgrace to all his relatives. He had been expelled the militia regiment in which he once held a commission. He had tried one employment after another, and had discreditably failed in all. He had lived on his wits in the lowest and basest meaning of the phrase. He had married a poor ignorant woman, who had served as a waitress at some low eating-house, who had unexpectedly come into a little money, and whose small inheritance he had mercilessly squandered to the last farthing. In plain terms, he was an incorrigible scoundrel; and he had now added one more to the list of his many misdemeanors, by imprudently breaking the conditions on which Mrs. Vanstone had hitherto assisted him. She had written at once to the address indicated on his card, in such terms and to such purpose as would prevent him, she hoped and believed, from ever venturing near the house again. Such were the terms in which Mrs. Vanstone concluded that first part of her letter which referred exclusively to Captain Wragge.

Although the statement thus presented implied a weakness in Mrs. Vanstone's character which Miss Garth, after many years of intimate experience, had never detected, she accepted the explanation as a matter of course; receiving it all the more readily inasmuch as it might, without impropriety, be communicated in substance to appease the irritated curiosity of the two young ladies. For this reason especially, she perused the first half of the letter with an agreeable sense of relief. Far different was the impression produced on her when she advanced to the second half, and when she had read it to the end.

The second part of the letter was devoted to the subject of the journey to London.

Mrs. Vanstone began by referring to the long and intimate friendship which had existed between Miss

"COME, FRANK!"

Garth and herself. She now felt it due to that friendship to explain confidentially the motive which had induced her to leave home with her husband. Miss Garth had delicately refrained from showing it, but she must naturally have felt, and must still be feeling, great surprise at the mystery in which their departure had been involved; and she must doubtless have asked herself why Mrs. Vanstone should have been associated with family affairs which (in her independent position as to relatives) must necessarily concern Mr. Vanstone alone.

Without touching on those affairs, which it was neither desirable nor necessary to do, Mrs. Vanstone then proceeded to say that she would at once set all Miss Garth's doubts at rest, so far as they related to herself, by one plain acknowledgment. Her object in accompanying her husband to London was to see a certain celebrated physician, and to consult him privately upon a very delicate and anxious matter connected with the state of her health. In plainer terms still, this anxious matter meant nothing less than the possibility that she might again become a mother.

When the doubt had first suggested itself she had treated it as a mere delusion. The long interval that had elapsed since the birth of her last child; the serious illness which had afflicted her after the death of that child in infancy; the time of life at which she had now arrived—all inclined her to dismiss the idea as soon as it arose in her mind. It had returned again and again in spite of her. She had felt the necessity of consulting the highest medical authority; and had shrunk, at the same time, from alarming her daughters by summoning a London physician to the house. The medical opinion, sought under the circumstances already mentioned, had now been obtained. Her doubt was confirmed as a certainty; and the result, which might be expected to take place toward the end of summer, was, at her age and with her constitutional peculiarities, a subject for serious future anxiety, to say the least of it. The physician had done his best to encourage her; but she had understood the drift of his questions more clearly than he supposed, and she knew that he looked to the future with more than ordinary doubt.

Having disclosed these particulars, Mrs. Vanstone requested that they might be kept a secret between her correspondent and herself. She had felt unwilling to mention her suspicions to Miss Garth until those suspicions had been confirmed—and she now recoiled, with even greater reluctance, from allowing her daughters to be in any way alarmed about her. It would be best to dismiss the subject for the present, and to wait hopefully till the summer came. In the mean time they would all, she trusted, be happily reunited on the twenty-third of the month, which Mr. Vanstone had fixed on as the day for their return. With this intimation, and with the customary messages, the letter abruptly and confusedly came to an end.

For the first few minutes a natural sympathy for Mrs. Vanstone was the only feeling of which Miss Garth was conscious after she had laid the letter down. Ere long, however, there rose obscurely on her mind a doubt which perplexed and distressed her. Was the explanation which she had just read really as satisfactory and as complete as it professed to be? Testing it plainly by facts, surely not.

On the morning of her departure Mrs. Vanstone had unquestionably left the house in good spirits. At her age, and in her state of health, were good spirits compatible with such an errand to a physician as the errand on which she was bent? Then, again, had that letter from New Orleans, which had necessitated Mr. Vanstone's departure, no share in occasioning his wife's departure as well? Why otherwise had she looked up so eagerly the moment her daughter mentioned the post-mark? Granting the avowed motive for her journey—did not her manner, on the morning when the letter was opened, and again on the morning of departure, suggest the existence of some other motive which her letter kept concealed?

If it was so, the conclusion that followed was a very distressing one. Mrs. Vanstone, feeling what was due to her long friendship with Miss Garth, had apparently placed the fullest confidence in her, on one subject, by way of unsuspiciously maintaining the strictest reserve toward her on another. Naturally frank and straightforward in all her own dealings, Miss Garth shrank from plainly pursuing her doubts to this result: a want of loyalty toward her tried and valued friend seemed implied in the mere dawning of it on her mind.

She locked up the letter in her desk; roused herself resolutely to attend to the passing interests of the day; and went down stairs again to the breakfast-room. Amidst many uncertainties, this at least was clear: Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone were coming back on the twenty-third of the month. Who could say what new revelations might not come back with them?

CHAPTER IV.

No new revelations came back with them—no anticipations associated with their return were realized. On the one forbidden subject of their errand in London there was no moving either the master or the mistress of the house. Whatever their object might have been, they had to all appearance successfully accomplished it—for they both returned in perfect possession of their everyday looks and manners. Mrs. Vanstone's spirits had subsided to their natural quiet level; Mr. Vanstone's imperturbable cheerfulness sat as easily and indolently on him as usual. This was the one noticeable result of their journey—this, and no more. Had the household revolution run its course already? Was the secret, thus far hidden impenetrably, hidden forever?

Nothing in this world is hidden forever. The gold, which has lain for centuries unsuspected in the ground, reveals itself one day on the surface. Sand turns traitor, and betrays the footstep that has passed over it; water gives back to the tell-tale surface the body that has been drowned. Fire itself leaves the confession, in ashes, of the substance consumed in it. Hate breaks its prison-secrecy in the thoughts, through the doorway of the eyes; and Love finds the Judas who betrays it by a kiss. Look where we will, the inevitable law of revelation is one of the laws of nature: the lasting preservation of a secret is a miracle which the world has never yet seen.

How was the secret now hidden in the household at Combe-Raven doomed to disclose itself? Through what coming event in the daily lives of the father, the mother, and the daughters was the law of revelation destined to break the fatal way to discovery? The way opened (unseen by the parents, and unsuspected by the children) through the first event that happened after Mr. and Mrs. Vanstone's return—an event which presented, on the surface of it, no interest of greater importance than the trivial social ceremony of a morning call.

Three days after the master and mistress of Combe-Raven had come back the female members of the family happened to be assembled together in the morning-room. The view from the windows looked over the flower-garden and shrubbery; this last being protected at its outward extremity by a fence, and approached from the lane beyond by a wicket-gate. During an interval in the conversation the attention of the ladies was suddenly attracted to this gate by the sharp sound of the iron latch falling in its socket. Some one had entered the shrubbery from the lane; and Magdalen at once placed herself at the window to catch the first sight of the visitor through the trees.

After a few minutes the figure of a gentleman became visible at the point where the shrubbery path joined the winding garden-walk which led to the house. Magdalen looked at him attentively, without appearing, at first, to know who he was. As he came nearer, however, she started in astonishment, and, turning quickly to her mother and sister, proclaimed the gentleman in the garden to be no other than "Mr. Francis Clare."

The visitor thus announced was the son of Mr. Vanstone's oldest associate and nearest neighbor.

Mr. Clare the elder inhabited an unpretending little cottage situated just outside the shrubbery-fence which marked the limit of the Combe-Raven grounds. Belonging to the younger branch of a family of great antiquity, the one inheritance of importance that he had derived from his ancestors was the possession of a magnificent library, which not only filled the rooms in his modest little dwelling but lined the staircases and passages as well. Mr. Clare's books represented the one important interest of Mr. Clare's life. He had been a widower for many years past, and made no secret of his philosophical resignation to the loss of his wife. As a father, he regarded his family of three sons in the light of a necessary domestic evil, which perpetually threatened the sanctity of his study and the safety of his books. When the boys went to school, Mr. Clare said "good-by" to them, and "thank God" to himself. As for his small income, and his still smaller domestic establishment, he looked at them both from the same satirically indifferent point of view. He called himself a pauper with a pedigree. He abandoned the entire direction of his household to the slatternly old woman who was his only servant, on the condition that she was never to venture near his books, with a duster in her hand, from one year's end to the other. His favorite poets were Horace and Pope; his chosen philosophers, Hobbs and Voltaire. He took his exercise and his fresh air under protest; and always walked the same distance to a yard, on the ugliest high-road in the neighborhood. He was crooked of back, and quick of temper. He could digest radishes, and sleep after green tea. His views of human nature were the views of Diogenes, tempered by Rochefoucault; his personal habits were slovenly in the last degree; and his favorite boast was, that he had outlived all human prejudices.

Such was this singular man in his more superficial aspects. What nobler qualities he might possess below the surface, no one had ever discovered. Mr. Vanstone, it is true, stoutly asserted that "Mr. Clare's worst side was his outside;" but in this expression of opinion he stood alone among his neighbors. The association between these two widely-dissimilar men had lasted for many years, and was almost close enough to be called a friendship. They had acquired a habit of meeting to smoke together on certain evenings in the week in the cynic-philosopher's study, and of there disputing on every imaginable subject—Mr. Vanstone flourishing the stout cudgels of assertion, and Mr. Clare meeting him with the keen-edged tools of sophistry. They generally quarreled at night, and met on the neutral ground of the shrubbery to be reconciled together the next morning. The bond of intercourse thus curiously established between them was strengthened on Mr. Vanstone's side by a hearty interest in his neighbor's three sons—an interest by which those sons benefited all the more importantly, seeing that one of the prejudices which their father had outlived was a prejudice in favor of his own children.

"I look at those boys," the philosopher was accustomed to say, "with a perfectly impartial eye; I dismiss the unimportant accident of their birth from all consideration, and I find them below the average in every respect. The only excuse which a poor gentleman has for presuming to exist in the nineteenth century is the excuse of extraordinary ability. My boys have been addle-headed from infancy. If I had any capital to give them, I should make Frank a butcher, Cecil a baker, and Arthur a grocer—those being the only human vocations I know of which are certain to be always in request. As it is, I have no money to help them with, and they have no brains to help themselves. They appear to me to be three human superfluities in dirty jackets and noisy boots; and, unless they clear themselves off the community by running away, I don't myself profess to see what is to be done with them."

Fortunately for the boys, Mr. Vanstone's views were still fast imprisoned in the ordinary prejudices. At his intercession, and through his influence, Frank, Cecil, and Arthur were received on the foundation of a well-reputed grammar-school. In holiday-time they were mercifully allowed the run of Mr. Vanstone's paddock, and were humanized and refined by association indoors with Mrs. Vanstone and her daughters. On these occasions Mr. Clare used sometimes to walk across from his cottage (in his dressing-gown and slippers), and look at the boys disparagingly, through the window or over the fence, as if they were three wild animals whom his neighbor was attempting to tame. "You and your wife are excellent people," he used to say to Mr. Vanstone. "I respect your honest prejudices in favor of these boys of mine with all my heart. But you are *so* wrong about them—you are indeed! I wish to give no offense; I speak quite impartially; but mark my words, Vanstone: they'll all three turn out ill, in spite of every thing you can do for them."

In later years, when Frank had reached the age of seventeen, the same curious shifting of the relative positions of parent and friend between the two neighbors was exemplified more absurdly than ever. A civil engineer in the north of England, who owed certain obligations to Mr. Vanstone, expressed his willingness to take Frank under superintendence on terms of the most favorable kind. When this proposal was received, Mr. Clare, as usual, first shifted his own character as Frank's father on Mr. Vanstone's shoulders—and then moderated his neighbor's parental enthusiasm from the point of view of an impartial spectator.

"It's the finest chance for Frank that could possibly have happened!" cried Mr. Vanstone, in a glow of fatherly enthusiasm.

"My good fellow, he won't take it," retorted Mr. Clare, with the icy composure of a disinterested friend.

"But he *shall* take it," persisted Mr. Vanstone.

"Say he shall have a mathematical head," rejoined Mr. Clare; "say he shall possess industry, ambition, and firmness of purpose. Pooh! pooh! you don't look at him with my impartial eyes. I say, No mathematics, no industry, no ambition, no firmness of purpose. Frank is a compound of negatives—and there they are."

"Hang your negatives!" shouted Mr. Vanstone. "I don't care a rush for negatives, or affirmatives either. Frank shall have this splendid chance; and I'll lay you any wager you like he makes the best of it."

"I am not rich enough to lay wagers usually," replied Mr. Clare; "but I think I have got a guinea about the house somewhere; and I'll lay you that guinea Frank comes back on our hands like a bad shilling."

"Done!" said Mr. Vanstone. "No: stop a minute! I won't do the lad's character the injustice of backing it at even money. I'll lay you five to one Frank turns up trumps in this business! You ought to be ashamed of yourself for talking of him as you do. What sort of hocus-pocus you bring it about by I don't pretend to know; but you always end in making me take his part, as if I was his father instead of you. Ah, yes! give you time, and you'll defend yourself. I won't give you time; I won't have any of your special-pleading. Black's white, according to you. I don't care: it's black for all that. You may talk nineteen to the dozen—I shall write to my friend, and say Yes, in Frank's interests, by to-day's post."

Such were the circumstances under which Mr. Francis Clare departed for the north of England, at the age of seventeen, to start in life as a civil engineer.

From time to time Mr. Vanstone's friend communicated with him on the subject of the new pupil. Frank was praised as a quiet, gentlemanlike, interesting lad—but he was also reported to be rather slow at acquiring the rudiments of engineering science. Other letters, later in date, described him as a little too ready to despond about himself; as having been sent away, on that account, to some new railway works, to see if change of scene would rouse him; and as having benefited in every respect by the experiment—except perhaps in regard to his professional studies, which still advanced but slowly. Subsequent communications announced his departure, under care of a trust-worthy foreman, for some public works in Belgium; touched on the general benefit he appeared to derive from this new change; praised his excellent manners and address, which were of great assistance in facilitating business communications with the foreigners—and passed over in ominous silence the main question of his actual progress in the acquirement of knowledge. These reports, and many others which resembled them, were all conscientiously presented by Frank's friend to the attention of Frank's father. On each occasion Mr. Clare exulted over Mr. Vanstone, and Mr. Vanstone quarreled with Mr. Clare. "One of these days you'll wish you hadn't laid that wager," said the cynic philosopher. "One of these days I shall have the blessed satisfaction of pocketing your guinea," cried the sanguine friend. Two years had then passed since Frank's departure. In one year more results asserted themselves, and settled the question.

Two days after Mr. Vanstone's return from London he was called away from the breakfast table before he had found time enough to look over his letters, delivered by the morning's post. Thrusting them into one of the pockets of his shooting-jacket, he took the letters out again, at one grasp, to read them when occasion served later in the day. The grasp included the whole correspondence, with one exception—that exception being a final report from the civil engineer, which notified the termination of the connection between his pupil and himself, and the immediate return of Frank to his father's house.

While this important announcement lay unsuspected in Mr. Vanstone's pocket, the object of it was traveling home as fast as railways could take him. At half past ten at night, while Mr. Clare was sitting in studious solitude over his books and his green tea, with his favorite black cat to keep him company, he heard footsteps in the passage—the door opened—and Frank stood before him.

Ordinary men would have been astonished. But the philosopher's composure was not to be shaken by any such trifle as the unexpected return of his eldest son. He could not have looked up more calmly from his learned volume if Frank had been absent for three minutes instead of three years.

"Exactly what I predicted," said Mr. Clare. "Don't interrupt me by making explanations; and don't frighten the cat. If there is any thing to eat in the kitchen, get it and go to bed. You can walk over to Combe-Raven to-morrow, and give this message from me to Mr. Vanstone: 'Father's compliments, Sir, and I have come back on your hands like a bad shilling, as he always said I should. He keeps his own guinea, and takes your five; and he hopes you'll mind what he says to you another time.' That is the message. Shut the door after you. Good-night."

Under these unfavorable auspices Mr. Francis Clare made his appearance the next morning in the grounds at Combe-Raven; and, something doubtful of the reception that might await him, slowly approached the precincts of the house.

It was not wonderful that Magdalen should have failed to recognize him when he first appeared in view. He had gone away a backward lad of seventeen; he returned a young man of twenty. His slim figure had now acquired strength and grace, and had increased in stature to the medium height. The small, regular features, which he was supposed to have inherited from his mother, were rounded and filled out, without having lost their remarkable delicacy of form. His beard was still in its infancy, and nascent lines of whisker traced their modest way sparely down his cheeks. His gentle, wandering brown eyes would have looked to better advantage in a woman's face—they wanted spirit and firmness to fit them for the face of a man. His hands had the same wandering habit as his eyes; they were constantly changing from one position to another, constantly twisting and turning any little stray thing they could pick up. He was undeniably handsome, graceful, well-bred; but no close observer could look at him without suspecting that the stout old family stock had begun to wear out in the later generations, and that Mr. Francis Clare had more in him of the shadow of his ancestors than of the substance.

When the astonishment caused by his appearance had partially subsided a search was instituted for the missing report. It was found in the remotest recesses of Mr. Vanstone's capacious pocket, and was read by that gentleman on the spot.

The plain facts, as stated by the engineer, were briefly these. Frank was not possessed of the necessary abilities to fit him for his new calling, and it was useless to waste time by keeping him any longer in an employment for which he had no vocation. This, after three years' trial, being the conviction on both sides, the master had thought it the most straightforward course for the pupil to go home, and candidly place results before his father and his friends. In some other pursuit, for which he was more fit and in which he could feel an interest, he would no doubt display the industry and perseverance which he had been too much discouraged to practice in the profession that he had now abandoned. Personally, he was liked by all who knew him; and his future prosperity was heartily desired by the many friends whom he had made in the north. Such was the substance of the report, and so it came to an end.

Many men would have thought the engineer's statement rather too carefully worded; and, suspecting him of trying to make the best of a bad case, would have entertained serious doubts on the subject of Frank's future. Mr. Vanstone was too easy-tempered and sanguine—and too anxious as well, not to yield his old antagonist an inch more ground than he could help—to look at the letter from any such unfavorable point of view. Was it Frank's fault if he had not got the stuff in him that engineers were made of? Did no other young men ever begin life with a false start? Plenty began in that way, and got over it, and did wonders afterward. With these commentaries on the letter the kind-hearted gentleman patted Frank on the shoulder. "Cheer up, my lad!" said Mr. Vanstone. "We will be even with your father one of these days, though he *has* won the wager this time!"

The example thus set by the master of the house was followed at once by the family—with the solitary exception of Norah, whose incurable formality and reserve expressed themselves, not too graciously, in her distant manner toward the visitor. The rest, led by Magdalen (who

had been Frank's favorite play-fellow in past times), glided back into their old easy habits with him without an effort. He was "Frank" with all of them but Norah, who persisted in addressing him as "Mr. Clare." Even the account he was now encouraged to give of the reception accorded to him by his father on the previous night, failed to disturb Norah's gravity. She sat with her dark handsome face steadily averted, her eyes cast down, and the rich color in her cheeks warmer and deeper than usual. All the rest, Miss Garth included, found old Mr. Clare's speech of welcome to his son quite irresistible. The noise and merriment were at their height when the servant came in and struck the whole party dumb by the announcement of visitors in the drawing-room. "Mr. Marrable, Mrs. Marrable, and Miss Marrable; Evergreen Lodge, Clifton."

Norah rose as readily as if the new arrivals had been a relief to her mind. Mrs. Vanstone was the next to leave her chair. These two went away first to receive the visitors. Magdalen, who preferred the society of her father and Frank, pleaded hard to be left behind; but Miss Garth, after granting five minutes' grace, took her into custody and marched her out of the room. Frank rose to take his leave.

"No, no," said Mr. Vanstone, detaining him. "Don't go. These people won't stop long. Mr. Marrable's a merchant at Bristol. I've met him once or twice when the girls forced me to take them to parties at Clifton. Mere acquaintances, nothing more. Come and smoke a cigar in the green-house. Hang all visitors—they worry one's life out. I'll appear at the last moment with an apology; and you shall follow me at a safe distance, and be a proof that I was really engaged."

Proposing this ingenious stratagem, in a confidential whisper, Mr. Vanstone took Frank's arm and led him round the house by the back way. The first ten minutes of seclusion in the conservatory passed without events of any kind. At the end of that time a flying figure in bright garments flashed upon the two gentlemen through the glass—the door was flung open—flower-pots fell in homage to passing petticoats—and Mr. Vanstone's youngest daughter ran up to him at headlong speed, with every external appearance of having suddenly taken leave of her senses.

"Papa! the dream of my whole life is realized," she said, as soon as she could speak. "I shall fly through the roof of the green-house if somebody doesn't hold me down. The Marrables have come here with an invitation. Guess, you darling—guess what they're going to give at Evergreen Lodge!"

"A ball," said Mr. Vanstone, without a moment's hesitation.

"Private Theatricals!!!" cried Magdalen, her clear young voice ringing through the conservatory like a bell; her loose sleeves falling back, and showing her round white arms to the dimpled elbows as she clapped her hands ecstatically in the air. "The Rivals is the play, papa—the Rivals by the famous what's-his-name—and they want ME to act! The one thing in the whole universe that I long to do most. It all depends on you. Mamma shakes her head; and Miss Garth looks daggers; and Norah's as sulky as usual—but if you say Yes, they must all three give way and let me do as I like. Say yes," she pleaded, nestling softly up to her father, and pressing her lips with a fond gentleness to his ear, as she whispered the next words. "Say Yes—and I'll be a good girl for the rest of my life."

"A good girl?" repeated Mr. Vanstone—"A mad girl I think you must mean. Hang these people and their theatricals! I shall have to go indoors and see about this matter. You needn't throw away your cigar, Frank. You're well out of the business, and you can stop here."

"No, he can't," said Magdalen. "He's in the business too."

Mr. Francis Clare had hitherto remained modestly in the back-ground. He now came forward, with a face expressive of speechless amazement.

"Yes," continued Magdalen, answering his blank look of inquiry with perfect composure. "You are to act. Miss Marrable and I have a turn for business, and we settled it all in five minutes. There are two parts in the play left to be filled. One is Lucy, the waiting-maid, which is the character I have undertaken—with papa's permission," she added, slyly pinching her father's arm; and he won't say No, will he? First, because he's a darling; secondly, because I love him and he loves me; thirdly, because there is never any difference of opinion between us (is there?); fourthly, because I give him a kiss, which naturally stops his mouth and settles the whole question. Dear me, I'm wandering. Where was I just now? Oh yes! explaining myself to Frank—"

"I beg your pardon," began Frank, attempting, at this point, to enter his protest.

"The second character in the play," pursued Magdalen, without taking the smallest notice of the protest, "is Falkland—a jealous lover, with a fine flow of language. Miss Marrable and I discussed Falkland privately on the window-seat while the rest were talking. She is a delightful girl—so impulsive, so sensible, so entirely unaffected. She confided in me. She said, 'One of our miseries is that we can't find a gentleman who will grapple with the hideous difficulties of Falkland.' Of course I soothed her. Of course I said, 'I've got the gentleman, and he shall grapple immediately.'—'Oh, Heavens! who is he?'—'Mr. Francis Clare.'—'And where is he?'—'In the house at this moment.'—'Will you be so very charming, Miss Vanstone, as to fetch him?'—'I'll fetch him, Miss Marrable, with the greatest pleasure.' I left the window-seat—I rushed into the morning-room—I smelt cigars—I followed the smell—and here I am."

"It's a compliment, I know, to be asked to act," said Frank, in great embarrassment. "But I hope you and Miss Marrable will excuse me—"

"Certainly not. Miss Marrable and I are both remarkable for the firmness of our characters. When we say Mr. So-and-So is positively to act the part of Falkland, we positively mean it. Come in, and be introduced."

"But I never tried to act. "I don't know how."

"Not of the slightest consequence. If you don't know how, come to me, and I'll teach you."

"You!" exclaimed Mr. Vanstone. "What do you know about it?"

"Pray, papa, be serious! I have the strongest internal conviction that I could act every character in the play—Falkland included. Don't let me have to speak a second time, Frank. Come and be introduced."

She took her father's arm, and moved with him to the door of the green-house. At the steps she turned and looked round to see if Frank was following her. It was only the action of a moment; but in that moment her natural firmness of will rallied all its resources—strengthened itself with the influence of her beauty—commanded—and conquered. She looked lovely: the flush was tenderly bright in her cheeks; the radiant pleasure shone and sparkled in her eyes; the position of her figure, turned suddenly from the waist upward, disclosed its delicate strength, its supple firmness, its seductive serpentine grace. "Come!" she said, with a coquettish beckoning action of her head. "Come, Frank!"

Few men of forty would have resisted her at that moment. Frank was twenty last birthday. In other words, he threw aside his cigar and followed her out of the green-house.

As he turned and closed the door—in the instant when he lost sight of her—his disinclination to be associated with the private theatricals revived. At the foot of the house-steps he stopped again; plucked a twig from a plant near him; broke it in his hand; and looked about him uneasily, on this side and on that. The path to the left led back to his father's cottage—the way of escape lay open. Why not take it?

While he still hesitated Mr. Vanstone and his daughter reached the top of the steps. Once more Magdalen looked round; looked with her resistless beauty, with her all-conquering smile. She beckoned again; and again he followed her—up the steps, and over the threshold. The door closed on them.

So, with a trifling gesture of invitation on one side, with a trifling act of compliance on the other: so—with no knowledge in his mind, with no thought in hers, of the secret still hidden under the journey to London—they took the way which led to that secret's discovery, through many a darker winding that was yet to come.

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